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REVIEWS

Observations on the Mussulmauns of India, Descriptive of their Manners, Customs, and Habits. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Parbury.

THE Mussulmaun character in India exhibits so many of the effects of transplantation, that one would almost imagine the people to be a distinct race from their ancestors nearer Europe. The gorgeous ceremonial of the Hindoo law could not fail to make a strong impression on imaginations prone, by their Asiatic temperament, to the love of the wild and extravagant; and, accordingly, after the lapse of a few centuries, we find the strangers—elsewhere so grave and reasonable—lying with the aborigines themselves in unmeaning mummery. Even the tolerance, in matters of religious belief, which forms a part of the Brahminical as well as Bluddist system, appears to have sunk gradually into the indurated hearts of the Mohammedans; and we are assured by more than one author, that the followers of the Prophet may be seen at this day, mixing occasionally, without fear of damnation, in the idolatrous processions of the Hindoos. An account therefore of such a people must not be confounded with the innumerable contributions we already possess towards a moral history of the Mohammedans of Arabia and the neighbouring countries.

But even if the lady-author now before us had not possession of a field where the gleanings are yet abundant, her labours, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, could not fail to be productive. The changes, that time and foreign contact have brought about in the customs and habits of the men, have not extended to the privacy of the zenana; the same seclusion prevails that has so often excited and baffled our curiosity nearer home; and the once intolerant Mussulmaun, who now looks upon an idol without shrinking, would still be ready to dig out with his dagger the eyes that had rested on the face of his wife.

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali—

(—Bless us, what a word on
A title-page is this!—)

appears to be an English lady married to a Mussulmaun native of India. Her opportunities of observation, therefore, must have been all that inquirers have hitherto been panting for, and capable of furnishing more than all that has hitherto been begged, borrowed, or stolen on the subject. In estimating, however, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's merit in the execution of her task, we must remember, that she is no professed blue-stock. She carried to the work no previous knowledge of what had been written and thought in Europe about the Mussulmauns of India. She could not combat errors which she did not know to exist; nor was she led

to throw the light of her own experience upon things which she was not aware were dark to the optics of others. Her opportunities, notwithstanding, have been by no means thrown away. She has described what she saw, and repeated what she heard; and, although the work so produced would be altogether useless as a description of the people, it will enter as valuable materials into the store laid up, and laying up, for the use of the future sage, who is destined to write the history of India.

That the present work will be useless, as a description of the people, is owing to the very circumstances, which no doubt render the author an estimable and amiable character in private life. The countrymen of her husband are described by her as the least imperfect of human beings; the sect of the Sheahs is greatly better than that of the Soonies, because her husband, as a Meer or Syaad, is a descendant of Ali himself; and, although her husband's religion, Mohammedanism, is not exactly her own, Christianity, yet it is so near it, even in points of doctrinal belief, that the two may very easily be confounded. As for the orthography of proper names, about which the author appears to have some misgiving, we are rather pleased than otherwise, to find her spelling the words, not as she might have seen them written, but as she heard them pronounced. The time has not yet arrived, when rules can be laid down for the imitation, in our language, of names written in a character, to which the united alphabets of the east and west of Europe supply no parallel powers. Some attempts, however, of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali to convey such sounds in Roman letters, will render the words nearly unintelligible to persons not intimately acquainted with the subject; but others, we can say of our own knowledge, bespeak a nice ear and a proper acquaintance with the powers of the Roman alphabet. The word "Mohammed," for instance, as it is the fashion to spell it, is rendered by her "Mahumud" (Mahūmūd), which makes as near an approach as is possible in this language to the Arabic pronunciation; for the soft and musical prolongation of the *m*, is caricatured, not imitated, by our own double letter.

It is time, however, to take advantage of our author's peculiar opportunities of observation; and, this we shall do in the first place, by presenting a sketch of the female toilet:—

"The missee (a preparation of antimony,) is applied to the lips, the gums, and occasionally to the teeth of every married lady, who emulate each other in the rich black produced. * * The eyelid also is pencilled afresh with prepared black, called kaarjil: the chief ingredient in this preparation is lamp-black. The eyebrow is well examined for fear an ill-shaped hair should impair the symmetry of that arch es-

teemed a beauty in every clime, though all do not, perhaps, exercise an equal care with Eastern dames to preserve order in its growth. The mayndhie is again applied to the hands and feet, which restores the bright red hue deemed so becoming and healthy.

The nose once more is destined to receive the nutt (ring) which designates the married lady: this ring, I have before mentioned, is of gold wire, the pearls and ruby between them are of great value, and I have seen many ladies wear the nutt as large in circumference as the bangle on her wrist, though of course much lighter; it is often worn so large, that at meals they are obliged to hold it apart from the face with the left hand, whilst conveying food to the mouth with the other. This nutt, however, from ancient custom, is indispensable with married women; and, though they may find it disagreeable and inconvenient, it cannot possibly be removed, except for Mahurrun, from the day of their marriage until their death or widowhood, without infringing on the originality of their customs, in adhering to which they take so much pride.

"The ears of the females are pierced in many places: the gold or silver rings return to their several stations after Mahurrun, forming a broad fringe of the precious metals on each side the head; but when they dress for great events—as paying visits or receiving company—these give place to strings of pearls and emeralds, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear to the shoulder, in a graceful, elegant style. My ayah, a very plain old woman, has no less than ten silver rings in one ear, and nine in the other; each of them having pendant ornaments; indeed, her ears are literally fringed with silver.

"After the hair has undergone all the ceremonies of washing, drying, and anointing with the sweet jessamine oil of India, it is drawn with great precision from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue which generally reaches below the waist; the ends are finished with strips of red silk and silver ribands entwined with the hair, and terminating with a good-sized rosette. The hair is jet black, without a single variation of tinge, and luxuriantly long and thick, and thus dressed remains for the week,—about the usual interval between their laborious process of bathing;—nor can they conceive the comfort other people find in frequent brushing and combing the hair. Brushes for the head and the teeth have not yet been introduced into Native families, nor is it ever likely they will, unless some other than pigs' bristles can be rendered available by the manufacturers for the present purposes of brushes. * *

"It must not, however be supposed, that the Natives neglect their teeth: they are the most particular people living in this respect, as they never eat or drink without washing their mouths before and after meals; and, as a substitute for our tooth-brush, they make a new one every day from the tender branch of a tree or shrub,—as the pomegranate, the neem, babool, &c. The fresh-broken twig is bruised and made pliant at the extremity, after the bark or rind is stripped from it; and with this the men preserve the enamelled-looking white teeth which excite the

* They generally adopt an odd number.

admiration of strangers, and which, though often envied, I fancy are never surpassed by European ingenuity. i. 102—6.

And now for the Hindostanee "fashions," for which our fair readers, we have no doubt, will return us their best thanks:—

"The ladies' pyjamaahs are formed of rich satin, or cloth gold, goolbudden, or musshero (striped washing silks manufactured at Benares), fine chintz,—English manufacture having the preference,—silk or cotton ginghams,—in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm texture, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of the wearer. By the most fashionable females they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness, the extremity finished and the seams are bound with silver riband; a very broad silver riband binds the top of the pyjamaah; this being double has a zarbund (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the zarbund are finished with rich tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels.

"One universal shape is adopted in the form of the ungeeah (bodice), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of gauze or net, muslin, &c., the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the sleeves are very short and tight, and finished with some fanciful embroidery or silver riband. Even the women servants pride themselves on pretty ungeeahs, and all will strive to have a little finery about them, however coarse the material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but continue to be worn a week together, unless its beauty fades earlier, or the ornamental parts tarnish through extreme heat.

"With the ungeeah is worn a transparent courtie (literally translated shirt) of thread net; this covers the waistband of the pyjamaah but does not screen it; the seams and hems are trimmed with silver or gold ribands.

"The deputtah is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female costume. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the deputtah's dimensions; the quality depends on choice or circumstances; the preference is given to our light English manufacture of leno or muslin for every-day wear by gentlewomen; but on gala days, gold and silver gauze tissues are in great request, as is also fine India muslin manufactured at Decca—transparent and soft as the web of the gossamer spider;—this is called shubnum (night dew), from its delicate texture, and is procured at a great expense, even in India; some deputtahs are formed of gold-worked muslin, English crape, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions ladies wear them simply bound with silver riband, but for dress they are richly trimmed with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene, when two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The deputtah is worn with much original taste on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in front, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder." i. 106—9.

How it happens, one does not know, but the next ideas in association with that of ladies, are love and marriage. Among the Mussulmauns, however, love, as we use the

term, cannot exist; for the wooer never sees his mistress's face till after the marriage has been solemnized. Our author had an opportunity of witnessing, in one case, the whole affair, and she has described minutely, both wooing and matrimony. A lady having been determined upon—

"The overture was to be made from the youth's family in the following manner:

"On a silver tray covered with gold brocade and fringed with silver, was laid the youth's pedigree, traced by a neat writer in the Persian character, on richly embossed paper ornamented and emblazoned with gold figures. * * *

"On the tray, with the pedigree, was laid a nuzza, or offering of five gold mohurs, and twenty-one (the lucky number) rupees; a brocade cover, fringed with silver, was spread over the whole, and this was conveyed by the male agent to the young begum's father. The tray and its contents are retained for ever, if the proposal is accepted; if rejected, the parties return the whole without delay, which is received as a tacit proof that the suitor is rejected: no further explanation is ever given or required." 355-56.

The tray in the present instance was retained; and some splendid presents being sent by the youth to his mistress, including the nuptial ring, the contract was concluded.

Next week we shall give an account of the weddings of the Mussulmauns—to which the former is only an introductory ceremony—and bring our article to a conclusion, with some other anecdotes of "life" in Hindostan.

Private Correspondence of David Garrick.
Vol. II. 4to. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

We shall begin our extracts on this occasion, with another pleasant letter of Mrs. Clive's, and Garrick's answer.

"Mrs. Clive to Mr. Garrick.

"Twickenham, March 22nd, 1778.

"There is no such being now in the world as Pivy; she has been killed by the cruelty of the Garrick; but the Clive (thank God) is still alive, and alive like to be, and did not intend to call you to a severe account for your wicked behaviour to her; but, having been told of your good deeds and great achievements, I concluded you was in too much conceit with yourself to listen to my complaints; and would pay no more regard to my remonstrances than the King does to my Lord Mayor's, and therefore the best thing I could do would be to change my anger into compliment and congratulations. I must needs say I admire you (with rest of the world) for your goodness to Miss Moore; the protection you gave her play, I dare say, she was sensible was of the greatest service to her; she was sure everything you touched would turn into gold; and though she had great merit in the writing, still your affection for tragedy children was a very great happiness to her, for you dandled it, and fondled it, and then carried it in your own arms to the town to nurse; who behaved so kindly to it, that it ran alone in the month. Poor Mr.—what's his name—Mr. Montgomery! So Cumberland's, I hear, did not meet with such good fortune, for it died with the *Rickets*.

"I must now mention the noblest action of your life, your generosity to nephew David; all the world is repeating your praises; those people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, always declaring that you loved money too much ever to part from it, now they will feel foolish and look contemptible; all that I can say is, *I wish that Heaven had made me such an uncle.*

"I know the young lady, am acquainted with her; she is extremely agreeable, with a temper as sweet as her voice, and she sings like an angel.

"I hope my dear Mrs. Garrick is perfectly well; happy she must ever be; she has a disposition which will make her so in all situations; you and I can alter our tempers with the weathercock. We are all here at present but queer; I have had a violent cold and a little fever; Mr. Mastwin is not sick (but sorry); your Jemsey is neither one thing nor the other—always dreaming of Garrick and the opera.

"Everybody is raving against Mr. Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan: what, have you given him up that he creeps so? The country is very dull; we have not twenty people in the village, but still it is better than London. Let me see you—let me hear from you, and tell me all the news you can rap and rend to divert your ever

"Affectionate and forgiving,

"C. CLIVE.

"Our brother and sister join in compliments to your lady and self."

"Mr. Garrick to Mrs. Clive.

"Hampton, Friday Morning.

"My dear Pivy,—Had not the nasty bile, which so often confines me, and has heretofore tormented you, kept me at home, I should have been at your feet three days ago. If your heart (somewhat combustible like my own) has played off all the squibs and rockets which lately occasioned a little cracking and bouncing about me, and can receive again the more gentle and pleasing firework of love and friendship, I will be with you at six this evening to revive, by the help of those spirits in your tea-kettle lamp, that flame which was almost blown out by the flogging of your petticoat when my name was mentioned.

Tea is a sovereign balm for wounded love.

Will you permit me to try the poet's recipe this evening? Can my Pivy know so little of me to think that I prefer the clack of Lords and Ladies to the enjoyment of humour and genius? I reverence most sincerely your friend and neighbour, not because he is the son of one of the first of first ministers, but because he is himself one of the first ministers of literature. In short, your misconception about that fatal *champtatra* (the devil take the word!) has made me so cross about everything that belongs to it, that I curse all squibs, crackers, rockets, air-balloons, mines, serpents, and Catherine-wheels, and can think of nothing and wish for nothing but laugh, gig, humour, fun, pun, conundrum, carriwitchet, and Catherine Clive!

"I am ever, my Pivy's most constant and loving, &c.

"D. GARRICK.

"My wife sends her love, and will attend the ceremony this evening."

The ladies have the advantage throughout this correspondence—"Kitty Clive" is generally delightful, and there are some pleasant letters from the Countess Spencer—light and gossiping.

"The Countess Spencer to Mr. Garrick.

"Althorp, Nov. 13th, 1778.

"Did not you promise and vow, when first we entered into correspondence, that you would never expect me to be punctual, but write on from time to time, whether I answered your letters or not? I own this reproach is but an ungrateful return for a letter that gave me much real satisfaction, for I was seriously alarmed by the accounts I had had of you, and sent Townsend himself twice to your house; but no information from him could be so satisfactory as a letter from yourself, only this should have been

followed in due time by another to tell me you continued well.

"I will promise never to ask you to read when Lord March (that was) is by; but then I will make a *wow*, which is, never to have him with me, if I can help it, at the same time with you. Who the other person is, I cannot guess.

"Pray, Mr. Garrick, where are you now? what are you about? and how do you do?—these are three questions I must have answered. We shall be in town for the meeting of the Parliament, and hope you will be ready to return with us here as soon as that sets us at liberty. Give my best compliments to Madame, and tell her, if her winter habiliments are not bought, there is a certain scarlet and white silk to be had at Mr. King's, the mercer's, which we have fixed upon as a sort of uniform for the ladies of the Althorp party. I would not have her make it up till I see her in town; but if she is so gracious as to intend to have one, she had better send Mr. King notice, lest there should be a scarcity of the silk.

"The Duke and Duchess and George are all arrived here from their respective camps, and look extremely well. They desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick.—Pray write soon, and send me some news if there is any.—Adieu!"

The following are not without interest, and the earnest zeal in favour of Hogarth tells well for the heart and understanding of Garrick.

"Mr. Churchill to Mr. Garrick.

My dear Mr. Garrick.—Half drunk—half mad—and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would enclose and send by the bearer five pieces, by way of adding to favours already received by

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES CHURCHILL."

"Mr. Garrick to Mr. Churchill.

Dear Churchill—I sent to you last night, but could not hear of you. I cannot conveniently this week obey your commands, but I will the latter end of the next. I have made a purchase that has beggared me; however, should you be greatly pressed, I will strain a point before that time, though I suppose it is the same thing to you. I was in hopes your ghost was laid, or at least your acrimony against the Laureate, for still I cannot get it into my mind that your attack upon him is a justifiable one.

"I must intreat of you, by the regard you profess to me, that you do not tilt at my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot sure be angry at his print? there is surely very harmless, though very entertaining stuff in it. He is a great and original genius: I love him as a man, and reverence him as an artist. I would not, for all the politics and politicians in the universe, that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am sure you will not publish against him if you think twice. I am very unhappy at the thoughts of it. Pray, make me quiet as soon as possible, by writing to me at Hampton, or seeing me here.

"I am, dear Churchill,

"Your most obedient,

"D. GARRICK.

"At the Rev. Mr. Porter's, Woolwich."

Art makes another appearance in these letters, and the player plays the patron with great kindness.

"Mauritius Lowe to Mr. Garrick.

"No. 3, Hedge Lane.

"Sir,—Your goodness in promising to assist me in the disposal of the drawing of Homer (of which you have some of the descriptions) makes me hope you will pardon my reminding you, and especially as my now most calamitous situation renders me totally incapable of doing any

thing to save myself from perishing, and have no hope but that of disposing of the works I have already done. This, from want of being known and patronized, is out of my power; but with your assistance would be effected with little difficulty. The drawing has met with universal approbation, and Mr. Cipriani (an artist well known) valued it as *cheap at a hundred guineas*.

"Should neither the merit of the drawing nor the circumstances induce any single person to purchase it, it might be done by raffle: were it introduced by such a person as yourself at the *Savoir Vivre*, I should think it could not fail of success.

"Wherever these requests may appear too importunate and improper, I rely on your goodness to pardon me, who well know that necessity will drive a man to do what otherwise he would scarce dare to think.

"I am, Sir,

"With the utmost gratitude and respect,

"Your most obliged and obedient servant,

"MAURITIUS LOWE.

"Since I wrote the above, your brother called on me, and gave me the mortifying information of your intention to drop the work that I am engaged in for you, and substitute the above drawing in its place. My being in possession of that drawing is the only reason my creditors have left me so long at liberty, as hoping from the sale of it to get their money: was I to sell it for less than was sufficient to pay them, my fate would be certain to perish in a gaol. My parting with it for less than a hundred guineas instead of essentially serving me, would be my certain ruin. *It is my all, and my only resource*.

"Three years' illness has thrown me so far behind, that had I the *whole hundred* it would serve but to stop and pay in part the debts I have been forced to contract. I therefore most earnestly beg, and hope you will continue in your first kind intention of patronizing your portrait, which I will (with your permission) finish as soon as my health will permit, and consider the drawing of Homer as a thing apart; the sale of which, if you can effect, will greatly repair the miseries which illness hath involved me in, and the publishing your portrait may lay the ground of a future subsistence.

"May 13th, 1778.

"RECEIVED of Mr. David Garrick the sum of ten pounds by me,

"MAURITIUS LOWE."

Mechanism of the Heavens. By Mrs. Somerville. London, Murray.

WE have universities, a considerable portion of whose vast revenues is annually paid for the support of *men* of science, and a further portion annually set apart for the printing of *books* on science. How is it that no English edition of the '*Mécanique Céleste*' has hitherto appeared under the sanction of a learned body and a respectable editor? If other evidence of the decline of science in this country were wanting, a strong case of suspicion might be grounded upon this one fact.†

It is recorded, on the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*, that some fifteen years ago the British empire did not contain six individuals sufficiently learned in the exact sciences, to read this work; and here we have, at the hands of a lady, the very spirit and essence of its four quarto volumes and supplements, in a single octavo. In the preface to her book, Mrs. Somerville very pro-

perly gives us some account of its parentage. Lord Brougham, it appears, was father to the thought,—having expressed a wish that its talented authoress would endeavour to introduce the working classes to a knowledge of the doctrines of the *Mécanique*—a wish which, conceived in the very spirit of that boundless philanthropy for which his Lordship is remarkable, and encouraged by the Society for Diffusing Useful knowledge, is realized in the work before us.

We are convinced that the gratitude of the working classes would be unlimited, could they but appreciate the extent of the obligation. We are not, however, sanguine on this subject. With the very best wishes for the general diffusion of knowledge, we do not expect, for many years, to find the work of La Place much read among the labouring poor; and, indeed, looking at the splendour of the typography of the volume before us, and the patrician name of the bibliopole, we are disposed to think that Mrs. Somerville herself never seriously contemplated an early period

Contractatus ubi manibus sorlescere vulgi
Coepit:

There is reserved for it a higher destiny than the hands of the unwashed. We behold it, in our critical imagination, reposing in graceful indolence on the table of every confirmed blue of the United Kingdom; its leaves will be cut, its pages turned over, by the fair hands of the very fairest of created beings—and not more fair than wise. On the mysterious symbols which so mysteriously shadow forth its meaning, there will dwell (in beautiful wonder,) the brightest eyes that, since the days of our first mother, have shone, for evil or for good, upon the less fortunate portion of humanity. What a world of delightful prattle will it originate! And then, when the novelty of its youth has passed away, how dignified, how conspicuous a place will be assigned to it in the library!—how perfect, how uninterrupted will be its retirement! A more complete realization of the '*otium cum dignitate*' of a book cannot be imagined.

Although we have long considered an English translation of La Place the great desideratum in our science, yet we confess that, when the rumour was brought to us that such a work had been undertaken by a lady, we found the information somewhat comfortless—all the chances appeared to us to be against her success. We foresaw, in the promised translation, an occasional echo of that understanding of his doctrines which had established itself in her own mind, and the prospect was discouraging. Our critical discomfort arrived, however, at a maximum, when, on opening the book, we found it blazoned in the preface that, instead of a translation, we had the spirit of La Place, according to Mrs. Somerville, bottled up in an octavo. The gloomiest of our forebodings had never led us to dream that the sacrilege of remodelling the thoughts of La Place would be otherwise than an occasional evil, insinuating itself, as it were, upon the task of the translator: we were utterly unprepared to find it thus openly avowed.

La Place is perfectly competent to convey his meaning in his own words: his style is simple, and yet full of power; his words a fitting vehicle for the sublime truths which they convey; and his method strictly logical. He was far too great a man to deal in

† An English translation of La Place is at present publishing at Boston, in North America, one volume of which has found its way to this country. The translator is Mr. Bowditch. The text is excellently printed, and accompanied by notes.

verbiage; and it is our religious belief, that any person capable of *understanding* (we use the word emphatically) the mechanism of the heavens at all, will understand it best in his own pages. We want his work as fresh from his intellect as it can be brought to us through the medium of a translation; and we like not the task which Mrs. Somerville has undertaken, of giving us his thoughts in language different from that which he thought best calculated to convey them. If her object was to simplify his reasonings, we cannot but applaud the intention; but we have every excuse for not having observed it, inasmuch as the work itself laughs all simplicity to scorn. The following instances of lucid explanation are from the first page:

"The activity of matter seems to be a law of the universe, as we know of no particle at rest."

Now this proposition is manifestly true, provided always, that if the particle were at rest, we should know it. But we do not know this;—as Mrs. Somerville proceeds immediately to inform us; for

"Were a body absolutely at rest, we could not prove it to be so, because there are no fixed points to which it could be referred."

The argument therefore stands thus: The activity of matter would seem to us to be a law of the universe, provided that, if any particle (of whose existence we were conscious) were at rest, we should know it, and that we know of no such particle at rest. But the particles of matter may be at rest, and we not know it: therefore, the activity of matter does not seem to us to be a law of the universe.

This is the first proposition laid down in Mrs. Somerville's book; it is peculiarly unfortunate. We continue the quotation:—

"Consequently, if only one particle of matter were in existence, it would be impossible to determine whether it were at rest or in motion."

Now, we submit, that the rest or unrest of this solitary particle of matter, would remain equally in doubt, were the world ever so thickly peopled with particles, provided there were no one point known to be at rest. Mrs. Somerville proceeds:

"Thus, being totally ignorant of absolute motion, relative motion alone forms the subject of investigation: a body is *therefore* said to be in motion, when it changes its position, with regard to other bodies which are *said* to be at rest."

We, for our own parts, protest against Mrs. Somerville's comprehensive admission of ignorance. It seems to us pretty plain, that relative motion cannot exist without absolute motion. Now, of this relative motion, we are allowed to know something; we are not therefore *totally* ignorant of absolute motion.

We have given the whole of the first sentence of the 'Mechanism of the Heavens;' we will now give that of the 'Mécanique Céleste.'

"A body *appears* to us to move, when it changes its situation with reference to a system of bodies which we consider at rest; but, as all bodies, those even which appear to us to enjoy the most absolute repose, may be in motion, we imagine a space without limits, immovable, and penetrable to matter: it is to the parts of this space, real or imaginary, that we refer, in thought, the positions

of bodies; and we conceive them in motion, when they occupy successively different situations in space."

Our readers will perceive that Mrs. Somerville has framed her definition of motion according to that idea of it which La Place has mentioned only to discard. Now, it is to the discussion of this motion, with reference to which Mrs. Somerville and her author are thus at variance, that the whole work is devoted. It appears to us, from a careful consideration of the question, that in this first remarkable sentence of her book, Mrs. Somerville has endeavoured to show the whole universe to be in a state of unrest; in which she has failed, the proof being, *as she has shown*, impossible. She has then proceeded to establish the incontrovertible proposition, that there is no one point in the universe known to be at rest, because there *is* no such point known to be at rest. From which proposition, laid down with a naïveté such as few could bring to so grave a discussion, she infers, that, if there were but one particle of matter in the universe, we should not know whether it were at rest or in motion—a useful conclusion, which leads her to terminate the discussion of absolute motion, by an admission of absolute ignorance.

On the subject of force, Mrs. Somerville is singularly unintelligible. We are not quite sure whether she admits the existence of a principle passing by that name or not. She talks of force *exerted by matter*—of matter *acting* upon matter—and much more in the same strain. At length, however, her mind grasps a definition; it is this:—"analytically $F = \frac{dv}{dt}$, WHICH IS ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT."

Spirit of the working classes, here is a boon! How admirable is the arrangement of symbols which thus concisely develops to us all that may be known of force. This is in the very spirit of that compression, by which an octavo volume of mathematics is brought into the compass of a threepenny pamphlet, and, at the same time, simplified from the intellectual standard of the well-read student in physics to the mind of a mechanic.

Having thus told us all that is known of force, Mrs. Somerville proceeds, in the most natural manner in the world, to tell us something more, and then this over again. She afterwards becomes quite diffuse upon the subject, and that so plausibly, that had she not before defined *all* that was *known* of force, we should have believed that we were really adding to our knowledge of it. In the fundamental proposition of the parallelogram of forces, Mrs. Somerville has replaced the demonstration of La Place, not by that of Pappus or Pontécoulant, but by an old method now generally admitted to be no proof at all, and to be found in Dr. Wood's Mechanics.

We open the book casually at page 14, and we learn that the centre of curvature is the intersection of two normals—that "it never varies in the circle and sphere, *because* the curvature is everywhere the same." Now, it appears to us, that the term curvature, having no other than a conventional signification, dependent upon the position of the centre of curvature, it is beginning at the wrong end to argue a permanency of that position in any case from an equality of the curvature. The opposite is the true order of induction.

We find in the next sentence, that r being the radius of curvature, "it is *evident*, that though it may vary from one point to another, it is constant for any one point, where $\delta r = 0$." Now, that for the *same point* the radius of curvature is the same, and for different points different, we need not have been told, but how these facts involve the inference that $\delta r = 0$, escapes us.

The calculus of variations is despatched in a page. In the theory of areas, the beautiful demonstration of La Place is replaced by the method of the Principia. There appears to be few pages of the book which do not offer matter for similar animadversion: the subject will not, however, we fear, be interesting to the generality of our readers; we will therefore stop here.

Before we satisfy our critical conscience by recording an impartial opinion on the merits of a book, about which more than an usual share of nonsense will, we foresee, be talked, we may be allowed to state, that we have risen from the perusal of it with the conviction, that Mrs. Somerville is a person of very extraordinary talents, and that we are possessed with an admiration, all but unlimited, for what we understand to be the extent and variety of her attainments. Having said thus much, we feel ourselves compelled to add, that, in our belief, the work before us has been rashly undertaken, and very imperfectly completed; and that, remarkable as Mrs. Somerville's powers undoubtedly are, she has here assigned to herself a task considerably beyond them.

Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Vol. II. Quebec, 1831.

WHEN this Society was first formed by the Earl of Dalhousie, in 1824, the principal object was to collect and arrange such documents, known to exist in the convents, public offices, and in the possession of individuals, as would throw light, not only on the early history of the settlement, but on the primitive state and condition of the Indians. This object, it is acknowledged, has not been attained—but much valuable matter of another kind has been collected; and the Papers on the Huron Language—the interesting Sketches of the Tête de Boule Indians—and the Topographical Notices, with maps of a country hitherto nearly unknown, give value to the present volume. There is also a curious paper, by the Honourable Chief Justice Sewell, on "Dark Days in Canada," from which it appears, that our colonists are occasionally visited with gloom, as well as ourselves, though not from the same cause. In October, 1785, there was a memorable eclipse of this nature:—

"About ten o'clock in the morning, black clouds were seen rapidly advancing, and by half after ten it was so dark, that printing of the most usual type could not be read; this lasted for upwards of ten minutes, and was succeeded by a violent gust of wind, with rain, thunder, and lightning, after which the weather became brighter until twelve o'clock, when a second period of so much obscurity took place, that lights became necessary, and were used in all the churches. This period was rather longer in its duration than the first; a third period of obscurity came on at two o'clock, a fourth about three, and a fifth at half-past four o'clock, during which the intensity of the darkness was very great, and is described by

those who witnessed it, to have been that of perfect midnight. During the whole of these periods, and of the interval between them, vast masses of clouds of a yellowish appearance, which was very remarkable, were driven with great rapidity from the north-east, towards the south-west, by the wind; there was much lightning, thunder, and rain. * * *

"The water which fell from the clouds was extremely black; and the next day, upon the surface of what was found in different vessels, a yellow powder was floating, which, upon examination, proved to be sulphur; and a deposit of a black substance in powder, was also found in the bottom of all these vessels. This was also observed at Montreal, distant 200 miles from Quebec."

Mr. Sewell, after relating other instances of this nature, which occurred in July, 1814, proceeds to account for the phenomena, by attributing them either to the conflagration of a forest or volcanic action. Considering the extent of country where this was observed, he is inclined to adopt the latter as the most probable cause, and is confirmed in this opinion by various circumstances. That volcanoes might be found in the country on the north side of the St. Lawrence, he considers very probable, from the circumstance of volcanoes being in the north of Europe, such as Hecla and Jan Mayen. The frequency of slight shocks of earthquakes, and the volcanic nature of the country north of the St. Lawrence, appear also to confirm his opinion, as well as the description of an earthquake in 1773, given by Charlevoix. The native Indians also have a traditional belief of the existence of a volcano in the Labrador country.

This volume contains other notices of an interesting nature, to which we may return on a future occasion.

Ancient Fragments of the Egyptian, Chaldean, Phenician, and other writers; with an Introduction, and Appendix on the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients. By J. P. Cory, Esq., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. 2nd edit. London, 1832. Pickering.

This is a book which we read with pleasure and review with pain: the pleasure resulting from the comprehensive and accurate view afforded us of the fragments of Oriental history, preserved by Grecian and Roman writers; the pain, from seeing such labour and learning devoted to the support of uninteresting theory and idle hypothesis. That the general facts detailed in the Mosaic account of the diluvian and antediluvian ages are confirmed by the traditions of countless nations is certain—that the particular incidents have no such support, is equally notorious. But this by no means weakens the authenticity of the Jewish Scriptures, for it would indeed be strange, after "the changes of realm and chances of time," if tradition had not wandered to a considerable distance from reality. But even were tradition a more faithful guide than human experience has ever found it, there were causes of corruption and error which must have greatly increased its natural weakness; the ancient names of places and persons were significant; it is probable that what struck one as the most marked characteristic, might have appeared subordinate to another, hence a multiplicity of names may have belonged to a

paucity of individuals: another difficulty arose from the translation of proper names, in which the Greeks acted as preposterously as our neighbours the French: it is not yet beyond the memory of man, when a French map of England would have easily passed for that of a Pelew Island, and when the substitution of *Jorchaux*, for York House, was but a sample of the process by which English appellations were translated. There is, further, reason to believe, that the original language, in which the most ancient names were significant, is lost. Biblical Hebrew, its most ancient and valuable relic, is limited in its vocabulary, and certainly altered in its structure. After the return from the Babylonish captivity, Ezra confessedly interpolated the text, and most probably modernized the language. We have, then, absolutely, no guide to synchronize the conjectural chronologies before the first Olympiad; etymology fails, for the language containing the roots is unknown, the difference of names baffles all ingenuity, and the arguments from identity of incident are too weak to support any tangible conclusion. Why then are we not content to confess our ignorance? Let *Œdipus*, if he can, determine; and let him find out any reason why certain theologians in the last age averred that the Pentateuch was a perfect system of natural philosophy, and why their followers in the present day proclaim it a complete manual of ancient history.

To us the authenticity of the Pentateuch is only valuable so far as it ascertains the theocratic system of that people, from which eventually the regenerator of humanity should spring. As such, we have only to inquire, externally, whether such a system was revealed; and, internally, whether the system asserted to be thus revealed, was adapted to its end? But with the veracity of Moses, as a general historian, the Christian religion is very slightly connected. The attempts to add to the proper evidence of revealed religion have been productive of the most lamentable effects. The feeble buttress appended to the mighty arch not only gave way itself to the force of the torrent, but, rushing against that which it was destined to support, shook the very key-stone.

The fate of these believers in the weakness of Christianity should deter others from following their steps. What have become of the ponderous tomes of Bryant and Faber on *Mythology*? One affords Horace Smyth a middling rhyme,† and the other, Riemer a wretched pun.‡ "*Omnes una manet nox.*" The fortress still remains uninjured; but the outworks, raised by those who doubted its strength, are level with the ground, and of many the very ruins have perished. So let them fall! the design of revelation was not to gratify our curiosity respecting the fate of ancient dynasties, but to interest us in the destiny of ourselves; and the attempt to raise the subsidiary information of the Scriptures into the place of eminent importance, is only to offer scope for doubt to the honest inquirer, to strengthen the hesitation of the sceptic, and set up a mark for the sarcasms of the scorner. The Bible is not given to us as a perfect history, a perfect cosmogony, a perfect physics or metaphysics—it is given

to us as a perfect theology; and when we seek to invest it with the former perfections, we weaken the evidence of the latter.

That we attribute some importance to Mr. Cory's work is plain, from the length at which we have stated our reasons for differing from his views; but our condemnation extends not beyond his attempt to connect sacred and profane history by forced and fanciful inference. Taken as a work unconnected with theology, this will be found a useful aid to the study of Oriental history; and the care taken in obtaining a correct text is highly creditable to the diligence and accuracy of the editor.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

The Working Man's Companion.—The Physician. No. 1. The Cholera. London, 1832. Knight. *Observations on the Nature of Malignant Cholera.* By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. London, 1832. Renshaw.

Observations on the Origin and Treatment of Cholera. By John Hancock. London, 1831. Wilson.

Observations on Cholera. By T. J. Pettigrew. London, 1831. Highley.

Treatise on Cholera Morbus. By W. White. London, 1831. Strange.

Rules for the Prevention of the Asiatic Cholera. 2nd edit. Cheltenham, 1831. Davies.

Letters on the Cholera in Prussia. By F. W. Becker, M.D. Letter I. London, 1832. Murray.

A brief Sketch of the most striking Characteristic Appearances of the Continental Spasmodic Cholera. By W. Cooke, M.D. London, 1831. Highley.

An Essay on the Nature and Treatment of the Indian Pestilence commonly called Cholera. By Henry Penneck, M.D. London, 1831. Highley.

Cholera Morbus. Translated from the German by George Cox, M.D. Nottingham, 1832. Stretton.

Examen des Conclusions du Rapport de M. Double sur le Cholera Morbus, adoptées par l'Académie Royale de Médecine. Par Dubois d'Amiens, U.M.P. Paris, 1831. Baillière.

The Cholera Gazette. No. 1. 1832. Highley.

INNUMERABLE as the works published on cholera have been, we regret to say, that little is yet known either of its nature or character. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has begun a series of volumes, under the title of 'The Physician,' intended to impart such plain and useful information as may be serviceable to the working classes. The first volume, which is just published, after giving a general description of the human body, and of the diseases supposed to arise from certain states of the air, is entirely devoted to the cholera; and is certainly the best work yet published for the use of non-medical readers. It gives a brief, but sufficient, sketch of the history of cholera; and then—very properly, considering that the work is intended for general circulation—treats at large on precautionary measures. The chapter, How to escape the cholera, ought to be universally read; and attention to the rules there laid down, would do more to check the ravages of the disease than the utmost skill of all the physicians in Europe.

Dr. Philip's pamphlet is interesting; he treats the subject in a very able manner; and his explanation of the nature of the symptoms is particularly good.

Mr. Hancock's observations are superior to many published on this subject; and his remarks on the gaseous oxide of nitrogen, deserve the

† — which see Bryant's *Mythology* fell'd stoutest giants.
‡ *Fabularum Faber.*

attention of all those medical men who may have an opportunity of trying its efficacy.

Though Mr. Pettigrew's pamphlet contains nothing new, we cannot but praise the clearness and precision with which he has described the phenomena of the disease.

We have nothing to say on Mr. White's pamphlet, though written for the Emperor of Russia's prize; and as for Mr. Ingledew's Rules, they may be of use to the non-medical reader.

Dr. Becker's Letter contains some very valuable remarks on the causes of cholera, and the means of preventing it. The author is a contagionist, and, though we do not altogether agree with him, his work will be found useful and interesting to medical men. We regret to announce the death of Dr. Becker since the publication of this work; we have however been informed that his promised Letter on the symptoms, pathology, and treatment of this disease, is complete, and will be forthwith published.

Dr. Cooke's sketch contains opinions founded on observations made at Sunderland. The Doctor is of opinion, that the proximate cause of death is inflammation of the stomach, the result of a morbid poison. He forbids the use of spirits and stimulants throughout every stage of the disease; but the treatment proposed to be substituted does not, in our opinion, agree with his own view of the cause of death. It would be unfair to offer objections without stating the Doctor's arguments; and, as the question would not have a general interest, we must refer medical readers to the pamphlet itself, which will well repay the trouble of perusal.

Dr. Penneck attempts to prove, that the cholera is a disease of the class of typhus; and, as the yellow fever is called *typhus icterodes*, he proposes to call it *typhus cœruleus*. Following Dr. Clutterbuck's theory of the typhus fevers, he places the seat of the disease in the brain—and his proposed treatment is consequent on this opinion—the argument is more ingenious than conclusive.

The German treatise of Dr. Tencken on cholera, translated by Dr. Cox, contains some observations, and explains some facts, in a way which makes the work equally interesting and instructive to all who take an interest in studying the phenomena of the disease.

Dr. Dubois' 'Examen' is a severe, but, in some points, a very just criticism on the Report of the French Medical Academy. The Academy of Sciences considered it absurd to make an official report on the subject, in the present state of medical knowledge with respect to this disease; and, after reading Dr. Dubois' observations on the report of the Medical Academy, most persons will agree with them.

The first number of a Cholera Gazette has been published; and we think it probable, that more real knowledge will be hereafter gleaned from this one publication, than from all the tracts and pamphlets which daily issue from the press. We have been particularly pleased with Dr. Christison's letter inserted in this number, detailing the arrangements made in Edinburgh for the scientific investigation of this strange disease. Edinburgh has long enjoyed the highest medical reputation, and we trust the inquiry and report will prove it has been deserved.

We cannot close this notice without quoting the following consolatory document, which we find translated in the Journal of Education:—

"The subsequent notice (of which we give a literal translation) has been issued by the Rector and Senate of the University of Berlin, and deserves the attention of our own universities.

"The opening of the winter courses of lectures in this university has been fixed for the 7th of November, with the approbation of the ministry for ecclesiastical affairs, education, and medical affairs. Inasmuch as ten weeks have elapsed since the breaking out of the cholera in

this city, well-grounded apprehensions are so much the less to be attached to the holding and frequenting of the prelections; particularly, as the spread of the cholera here has, at the same time, become comparatively inconsiderable. Out of the whole number of students (*nearly six hundred*) who remained here during the vacation, not one has died during the six weeks, since the cholera first made its appearance; only two have suffered under a slight attack of it, and they immediately recovered under the prompt and highly efficient aid afforded them by the association formed for the treatment of such students as might be affected by the cholera. This association of students, provided as they are with all needful means, will remain in active operation so long as the cholera shall continue to prevail amongst us; at the same time, agreeably with the notice which we issued on the 22d of September last, arrangements have been made in the university building to prevent any baneful consequences, and to keep up the purity of the air throughout its whole extent, as well as in the lecture-rooms.

"By the Rector and Senate of the University of Frederic William, in this city.

БСКН.

"Berlin, Oct. 12th, 1831."

Le Lièvre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. II. Paris, 1831. Ladvocat.

[Fourth Notice.]

Un Atelier de la Rue de l'Ouest.

The 'Painting-room of a Poor Artist' is a spirited and interesting article by Cordelier Delanoue. There are many points of striking similarity between the painter here described, and the enthusiastic artist in 'The Disowned,' with this difference, that the one is a fiction approaching reality, and the other, we have reason to believe, a reality approaching fiction.

The Painter's Studio.

"Theodore Munier was an ordinary young man about five feet four inches in height, and a bit of a sloven. There was a wildness in his look, and a strangeness in his manner, which repelled all advances towards intimacy. He was such an artist as might be expected from a young enthusiast who was almost born in the Sistine Chapel—who played there when a child before the wonders of Michael Angelo—drew there, upon his knees, and stood erect in manhood with confidence in himself and the power of genius. Rome opened to him a brilliant prospect, * * * when a letter from Bayonne announced that his mother was dangerously ill. Adieu to art! In a transport of apprehension he fled from Rome like a madman. * * * On his arrival at Bayonne he found his mother recovered; but his career was closed at Rome, and he came to Paris.

"Alas! what was he to do at Paris?—none knew him, or suspected his talents. What was he to do in a city where there is a Museum for fools, portraits instead of pictures, and amateurs instead of artists? He saw nothing here of his beloved art. He inquired for it, but found it not. He hired, in a remote part of the city, and far from the Museum, a spacious painting-room, in which he could place the largest pictures, and converse face to face with Da Vinci, with Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the Caraccis. * * * He purchased, at Haro's, for ready money, a canvas of thirty feet, which to him was one of only ordinary dimensions, and this expense ruined him for six months. But then the picture would be excellent!

"In less than a month this immense canvas was covered, parts were nearly finished, and the work promised to be worthy of the artist. Theodore touched it no more. * * * He re-

turned from a solitary walk in deep affliction; he had not yet earned one shilling by his labours. His head was burning, and his right hand thrust into his bosom. He cast a wild glance at his huge picture, which the yellow and vacillating flame of the taper and the surrounding darkness made appear still more gigantic. 'I shall never finish it,' he exclaimed. * * * The next morning every trace of it was effaced.

"Excited by I know not what caprice—labouring under I know not what fever of impatience, he had effaced the work, intending to begin another; then the disheartening conviction came upon him that none regarded his talents—nay, a doubt if he had talent. He had smarted under so much criticism—suffered so many rude insults, that hope had fled from him. Darkness overshadowed all his anticipations—an icy coldness checked the palpitating heart of the enthusiast—hypocondria fixed her fangs upon the victim she was never more to quit. In vain did Theodoret struggle on with all the stubbornness of genius, and all the fury of his ardent pencil—in vain did he heap design upon design, and sketch upon sketch; he was wasting life in unsuccessful efforts. The harpy gnawed pitilessly on; and the poor artist, harassed and discouraged, fell at length exhausted before that cold and smooth canvas which his genius would have glorified, but his pencil could no longer touch. * * *

"I went to see him. He had passed a horrible night. 'My friend,' said he, sitting up in his bed, 'I have had a vision. I was scarcely asleep when everything around me appeared to increase in size. The walls of my painting room were covered with marble—the windows lengthened into porticos—columns and pilasters arose, and shot up to meet a vaulted roof, which seemed curving to receive them. * * * In the midst of this magnificence I was alone, lost, trembling, crushed, annihilated! I was at Rome, in a palace which I never saw, but yet recognized well. On a sudden, enormous beams appeared to shoot out from between so many columns, to cross each other in all directions, and at length formed a solid scaffolding, upon which I was placed, palette in hand, without having had time to desire it, and before I had spoken a word, or advanced a single step. In vain did I struggle against the invisible hand which had raised me by the hair of the head, and held my slender body at such a marvellous height from the ground. I was to paint the cupola; and the time allowed me for this work was till the end of the day. Night came before I had half completed my task—the fatal term was past—the scaffolding cracked, gave way, and I fell to the ground!

"I found myself once more upon my bed, bruised and breathless. My dream continued. This time I distinctly saw my canvas of thirty feet rise through the floor, like the *aulæa* of the ancients, or the curtain at the Odéon, in measured time, slowly and solemnly. When it touched the ceiling, I heard a shrill whistle. An extraordinary exhibition now took place. It was like a representation of *ombres chinoises*. At first, there was a grotesque collection of noses of every dimension, from Odry to Pelli-grini. The devil was there, in *propria persona*, and, with the aid of a wand, explained to me each subject as it appeared and filed off in procession before my eyes. He then showed me a distribution of medals and crosses to be made at the *salon* of 1831. M. Dubufe was reported painter of the first class, and Johannot turned back to the second: M. Lancrenon pamphletizing about it.

"On a sudden the canvas darkened, and was turned upside down. It was now no longer a simple canvas, but a magnificent picture—mine—the one I intend to paint—the work I have spoken to you about. It was finished, and

a fat English lord offered me six hundred thousand francs for it.

"I refused this sum—my demand was a million of francs.

"The lord raised his offer, by degrees, to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine francs.

"I still refused, and the devil—for it was he—burst into a loud fit of laughter, and disappeared.

"Scarcely had I lost sight of him, when the brilliant colours of the painting faded, mingled with each other, and ran down the canvas in streams, like the sweat on the skin of a quoit player. The figures grinned horribly, and moved about with a hideous variety of strange attitudes and contortions, so strange, indeed, as to exhaust my patience.

"My lords!" I exclaimed, bitterly, and with a loud voice, to the cardinals—whose purple was fast disappearing, and to the bishops, whose faces were already of the same colour as their stockings and camails—"My lords! in mercy, tell me whether you are perspiring blood or wine?"

"They replied by a monotonous plain chant, which seemed to become fainter and fainter as the colours vanished from the canvas. This strange sound continued a short time, and then ceased with a noise like the last hiccup of a drunkard, or the last sob of a drowning man.

"On awaking, I looked towards the middle of the room for the picture of my dream;—it was gone. I felt under my pillow for the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine francs of the English lord—they were not there.

"In despair I jumped out of bed, and ran to my painting-room. The canvas was where I had left it the night before—vast, white, cold, and untouched! Ah! my friend! that dream—it is the *coup de grace*—I feel doubly discouraged."

"I tried to console poor Theodebert, but in vain. He quitted Paris the same day.

"He has now been gone two months; and a letter from Bayonne, with a black seal, has just been brought me. It is not to announce the death of his mother, but that of my unhappy friend himself, who has committed suicide!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THERE is no work, however trifling and unimportant in the eye of the public, but is the offspring of labour and thought—nursed and cherished probably with anxious care, and published with anxious hopes. It is, however, our duty to exercise a painful discrimination—to treat all according to their value and interest; and, in consequence, many trifles are long deferred for want of leisure or space, to the pain of writers, our own self-upbraiding, and a grievous loss of time in the perusal of letters of remonstrance. We have resolved, therefore, periodically, to clear our table—and it is well that we have one or two rather important works with which to grace this introductory Paper.

The first is '*Le Talisman*,' a French Annual, published at Paris by Levasseur et Aston, and in London by Longman & Co. This, though a late Annual, is a welcome volume. It does great credit to the editor, who seems to have spared no expense to render it worthy of the best models on our side of the channel. '*Le Talisman*' consists of the plates of the '*Souvenir*,' illustrated by original contributions, in prose and verse, from some of the most eminent French writers. Among these we may name Chateaubriand, Barthélemy and Méry, Jules Janin, Drouineau, A. Dumas, Léon Gozlan, and Luchet,—known to the readers of the *Athenæum* by their contributions to '*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*,'—Charles Nodier, also, whose '*Biblio-*

manic' cannot be yet forgotten, and his amiable daughter, who writes beautiful songs, and sings them with exquisite tenderness and simplicity,—Lamartine and Victor Hugo also—and though last, not least, our fascinating friend the Duchess of Abrantes, whose article in '*Le Talisman*' is very clever;—indeed to such of our readers as delight in French literature, particularly light and brilliant literature, we recommend the '*Talisman*' as a gem well deserving their attention.

'*The Parent's Poetical Anthology*,' is a safe and valuable book for young people: it contains passages and entire poems from some of the greatest poets, living and dead; nor has its merits been unappreciated, for this is the third edition. We must, nevertheless, expostulate with the editor—he has given us by far too much of Heber, who was a versifier only, and nothing of Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, or Crabbe, who are all poets of a high order.

There are songsters, of whom the warbler in Burns was one, who,

Proud of the height of some bit half-lang tree,
sit and chaunt on the lower boughs strains
neither loud nor varied, yet gentle and sweet,
and worthy of remembrance: so are there bards
of a gentle and unambitious sort, who sit and
soothe their hours of remission from business,
as Gellimer did his blindness, with the lyre, and
produce verses, like those of Thomas Brydson,
in his '*Pictures of the Past*,' sweet,
affectionate, and moral. Verse, flowing and
melodious, is easily composed; but the sentiment
and passion which lend to it life, and lift it
up to heaven, are at the command of few.
We cannot say that this new bard of the west
has much of that ethereal fire which burns without
consuming; but he has written many tender
and pleasing pages, and shown a spirit kind and
loving towards nature and all her works. We
have little room, still we must quote: many an
old castle has been celebrated in more sounding,
but seldom in more touching, verses than these:

Donnelly Castle.

The breezes of this vernal day
Come whispering through thine empty hall,
And stir, instead of tapestry,
The weed upon the wall;
And bring from out the murm'ring sea,
And bring from out the vocal wood,
The sound of nature's joy to thee,
Mocking thy solitude.
Yet proudly, 'mid the tide of years,
Thou lift'st on high time airy form—
Scene of primeval hopes and fears—
Slow yielding to the storm.
From thy gray portal oft at morn,
The ladies and the squires would go,
While swell'd the hunter's bugle horn
In the green glen below;
And minstrel harp, at starry night,
Woke the high strain of battle here,
When with a wild and stern delight
The warrior stoop'd to hear.
All fled for ever! leaving nought
Save lonely walls in ruin green,
Which dimly lead my wand'ring thought
To moments that have been.

The little poem called '*Be*' we know that it hath
been, has much of the same quiet beauty; while
the verses on '*The Owl*' are of a more vigorous
and original kind. We wish success to this
unpretending little volume.

'*Poems chiefly occasional*,' by Samuel Frederick
Green, amount in number to thirty and three,
and are printed for the author, the least profitable
for the poet of all modes of publication.
We could extract some pretty verses out of this
little volume, and make many remarks on the
melody of its numbers, but we have not room
for either.

'*A Vision; a Poem in Five Cantos*,' is also
printed for the author; he has, however, withheld
his name—from diffidence perhaps, for it
seems a first work. Though the verse is much
too diffuse and flowery, it is not without images

of beauty, and passages both graceful and flowing.
There are some, too, of a sterner cast,
which are worthy of perusal.

'*The Elements of Chemistry*,' with its hundred
cuts, for six shillings, is a cheap book: it is also
an excellent one; we imagine, nevertheless, that
a very cheap copy of a scientific book cannot
well be profitable; it is beyond the comprehension
of common readers, and will find no purchasers
among the low and uneducated. It is
different with works of imagination—as we hope,
when more at leisure, to prove, to the satisfaction
of the editor of the *Morning Herald*.

'*The Golden Farmer; being an attempt to unite
the facts pointed out by Nature in the sciences of
Geology, Chemistry, and Botany, with practical
Observations of Husbandmen, to enable them to
grow more Corn, and increase the employment of
the Labourer*,' is the title of a sort of rural pamphlet
by Mr. Lance, Land and Mineral Surveyor,
Lewisham, which has the merit of containing
some sensible remarks on varieties of soil. Those
who desire to raise a good crop of corn may consult
these fugitive pages with advantage; and those who
are in quest of amusement will find a little of that also.

'*Hans Sloane, a Tale illustrating the History
of the Foundling Hospital*,' by John Brownlow,
is well meant, and moderately well executed;
there is too much about the founders, and too
little about the hero of the tale—of whom it is
perhaps sufficient to say, that he bore the name
without sharing in the blood of the illustrious
Hans Sloane. We have, however, been amused
and instructed, as we wandered along with the
humble narrative. There are some pretty verses,
and some scraps of biography; and the names
of Hogarth, Captain Coram, and other persons
of genius and generosity, are interwoven.

We took occasion some months since to mention
'*Cottage Comforts*' by Mrs. Esther Copley—
we have new pleasure in commending the
execution of '*A Brief View of Sacred History*,'
from the same pen. The history extends from
the Creation to the taking of Jerusalem; and it
is given in clear unaffected language. Mrs.
Copley is a thoroughly useful friend to the young
and the labouring. But while commending this
'*Brief View of Sacred History*,' we must avow
our preference for the sacred narrative itself,
were it printed in sections like any other history—
headed with titles, and elucidated now and
then with a foot note.

'*Marshall's Topographical and Statistical Details
of London*,' are closely and compactly
packed into a shilling pamphlet, and will, no
doubt, be valuable to the statesman and the
historian.

'*The Botanic Annual*,' by Robert Mudie, is a
very handsome volume, with pretty wood engravings,
and clever descriptions of trees and shrubs,
and leaf and blossom; we shall take it
into the country with us when April comes, and
compare its details with the aspect of nature.

'*Stewart's Visit to the South Seas*,' forms the
fifth volume of the '*Select Library*,' and is a
neat and valuable addition to our cheap literature.
The present edition has a map, and some
illustrative wood-cuts.

We have pleasure in announcing that '*Traits
and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*,' has arrived
at a second edition, and been compressed into
one cheap and beautiful volume. The work was
spoken of with deserved commendation, and
many illustrative extracts given, in the *Athenæum*
of April 17 and 24, 1830.

Some valuable additions have likewise been
made to Mr. Stebbing's delightful '*Lives of the
Italian Poets*,'—the Memoir of Ugo Foscolo in
particular, is full of interest. These Lives have
permanent value, and the work has taken its
place in our Library among standard volumes.

The first number of the '*Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury*,' just published, is very creditable to a provincial press. The drawings and engravings, by Mr. Fisher, are clear and clever; and it will be enough to assure our antiquarian readers of the accurate research of the descriptive letter-press, when we add, that it is by the Rev. P. Hall. The price alone—three quarto engravings on copper, and three smaller on wood, with letter-press, for half-a-crown—ought to ensure an extensive circulation.

Among some strange works sent for review, is a handsome quarto volume, called '*Letters on Dancing*,' by Mr. E. A. Thélour, in which it is proposed to reduce this elegant and healthful exercise to easy scientific principles. The work is illustrated with twenty-four graceful figures, and dedicated to the Marchioness of Londonderry, who has, it appears, entrusted her noble offspring to Mr. Thélour's care; and whose voice and opinion ought to be potential in his favour. Another, is a pack of *Astronomical Cards*, invented by Miss Ryan, of whose '*Lectures for the Religious Instruction of Young Persons*' we lately spoke with commendation. Three games may, it appears, be played with them—the *Planetary*, the *Zodiacal*, and the *game of the Constellations*—and we have been informed, by those who are more competent than ourselves to offer an opinion, that these games are interesting, and that the cards are serviceable.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ON MARTIN'S PICTURE OF BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY T. ROSCOE.

THE hand that guides the wheels of fate and time,
While impious song and dissolute uproar
Vaunt that bad king, is seen—is felt—and more,
Yet more, gleams on the rich walls—sublime
And terrible,—strange augury of his crime!
Fall sword and diadem;—the feast is o'er;
How pale that lordly face, so flushed before!
How the dread scene breathes death o'er life's
gay prime!

Hail, painter of high moral truths, the chief!
Justice retributive, drawn by thy hand,
Sits smiling here; the conscience-stricken band
Of princes revelling in their people's grief,
Who, 'mid their orgies, held through slavery's
night,
Still mark the hand tracing that people's right.

HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

It is with no common regret that we announce the death of this young and highly-gifted artist, who expired last week at his residence in Manchester, at the age of twenty-nine. The appreciators of his genius, and those generally interested in art, will doubtless be surprised to learn in how short a portion of that time his powers were developed. The career, now so mournfully cut short, was not more successful than brief;—the period embraced by his emerging from obscurity to distinction not exceeding the last five years of his life. He laboured from early youth under organic defect in the chest; he had neither connexions nor fortune to smooth his path through the world; and whilst, from infancy, painting was the profession he loved and aimed at, it was long before he discovered the branch of art in which lay his peculiar forte. Five years ago he was employed in painting portraits, indifferently executed, at prices more indifferent still.

He even painted tavern signs† for a mere trifle; at the same time, it required little discrimination to discern the germs of high excellence in his attempts at fancy pictures, which he himself disregarded. His first appearance before the public was in 1827, when he sent to the Manchester Exhibition three small pictures—the subjects, *Banditti*—which were with difficulty disposed of for a few pounds. His '*Recruit*,' a small picture, painted and sold within the last six months, was eagerly bought at one hundred and thirty guineas. The first picture that stamped his talent with the public, was '*Adam Woodcock*,' purchased by Lord Wilton. He exhibited, at the same time, a '*Don Quixote*,' and a '*Scene from the Antiquary*,' which were likewise immediately purchased. Shortly after, his '*Black Dwarf*,' '*Sir Piercie Shafton*,' and a '*Scene from Hamlet*,' were exhibited at Somerset House; but the piece which first attracted particular notice in London, was a small one at the British Institution, '*Hudibras in the Stocks*';—for the principal figure, and also for the '*Black Dwarf*,' Mr. Liverseege made a *clay model* to paint from. We have named only a few of his works produced within the last four years; for, as he combined great industry with great facility, and sold as fast as he painted, Lancashire alone (his native county) could hang an exhibition room with his productions. In this estimate we include the water-colour sketches which he usually made, with great care, prior to painting a subject. These drawings, of which Mr. Liverseege has left many in his portfolio, will not, it is to be hoped, fall into the hands of those unable to appreciate their value, either as sketches, or subjects for engraving. They are decidedly fine, both as regards colour and expression; in some respects they excel the pictures. His only finished picture which remains unsold was dispatched to the British Institution a few days prior to his decease. It is a figure of '*Don Quixote* reading in his Study,' and manifests a grave and noble conception of that character, so generally degraded by being misunderstood. Along with it is the '*Recruit*,' already mentioned—a picture partaking more of the Teniers school than any of his other productions, and remarkable for the beauty of the detail. The picture left on his easel (Sir John Falstaff), of which the right hand and arm are the only parts approaching to completion, give promise that the whole would have been a decided improvement on all his former efforts. He anticipated finishing it with enthusiasm, for he trusted to make it his "great work." Shakespeare and Cervantes were his favourite authors; and so little was his death anticipated, that his "old friend," as he playfully termed the former, was laid on his breakfast table the morning of his decease. He was encumbered with an infirm body through life; but it was remarkable that he improved in strength as he experienced encouragement—so much so, that his early friends ventured to hope that he might live many years. He was not materially unwell for more than a few days: melancholy presentiments, however, hung over his mind—presentiments too fatally verified on the morning of the 13th.

As a man, Henry Liverseege was diminutive in person, in mind a gentleman, in temper quick, in feeling sensitive alike to kindness and affronts, grateful and most generous. He acquired many and warm friends. As an artist, his excellence principally consisted in expressing character and delineating a story; the principle of light and shadow was excellent, and the detail minute, with a beautiful squareness of touch. Perhaps it was in colour that we find his chief defect—not in harmony, but in respect of depth and richness. He was aware of this deficiency; and, during his projected residence in the metropolis, purposed giving peculiar attention to the study and comparison of colour. He had by no means reached perfection, but he was steadily advancing towards that high mark: and, with his natural talent, his persevering industry, and ardent love of excellence, he would doubtless ultimately have attained it. He died in the morning of his powers—he fell whilst crossing the threshold of fame; but, for what he achieved, and yet more for what he gave promise of, his name is bright amongst the gifted, and demands the homage that memory owes to genius.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Children-like insects dancing in the sun;
Bees like the busy crowds in labour's power;
Rainfalls shed music in the drops that run
Out from the brimful spring and wet each
flower,
Bending its features downwards, like a nun
Musing upon her shadow, by the light
That makes the surface glass-like and conveys
Reflection; dimpling streams give music bright
To hushing showers, as echoes of sweet praise
And instances of thought in wisdom's ways;
The great Orion and the Pleiades
Pervade the spheres and thrones celestial
crowned,
And all ascensive Nature, by degrees,
Is omnipresent with melodious sound. P.

JESTS FROM THE ANTIQUE.—No. II.

[From Diogenes Laertius.]

APOPHTHEGMS OF ANTISTHENES.

1. Observing how frequently unfit persons were appointed to the highest offices, he advised the Athenians "to vote their asses horses." Being asked what he meant by such an absurd proposal, he replied, "It is not more absurd than to vote men leaders and legislators who have nothing to recommend them but your votes."
2. When told that he could not possess liberal sentiments, since he was not the offspring of free parents, he answered, "My parents were not wrestlers, and yet I can wrestle."
3. Being asked what advantage he had derived from philosophy, he replied, "The power of enjoying the society of myself."

APOPHTHEGMS OF DIOGENES.

1. A hypocritical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door, "*Let nothing evil enter here.*" Diogenes wrote under it, "By what door does the owner come in?"
2. Being asked, what was the best hour for dinner, he replied, "For the rich, when they please; for the poor, when they can."
3. Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he replied, "Well aimed, boy! you will hit that mark at last."

† A Saracen's Head, and an Ostrich, both painted by Liverseege, yet hang up at two obscure public houses in Manchester. The Ostrich is bad—the Saracen's Head is well done; and he always spoke of them with interest.

4. He called a bad singer Mr. Cock; being asked the reason, he said, "His notes are the signal for a general rising."

5. When told that his countrymen, the Sinopians, had sentenced him to banishment, he replied, "I have condemned them to a worse punishment—to stay at home."

6. Being asked by a student of natural history, what was the worst beast, he replied, "Of the wild, the Slanderer; of the tame, the Flatterer."

7. Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, he exclaimed, "O, that all trees would bear such fruit!"

8. One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft: Diogenes being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing."

9. Seeing the son of a courtesan throwing stones at a crowd, he called out, "Take care, boy, lest you hit your father!"

10. Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed, "What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard!"

11. Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target, declaring it the only place of safety.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BARON GRUFF. No. I.

Who Baron Gruff is, or was—whether any relation to Baron Grimm—in what age or country he flourished—and to whom his correspondence was addressed—are subjects on each and all of which the world remains to this moment in profound ignorance. In his reading, he appears to have followed the fashion of the little insect termed a book-worm—going right through from leaf to leaf, without taking the trouble of travelling over the context; and thus a singular incongruity—to say nothing worse of it—appears in his communications. They are sometimes, however, not without their value, if one knew what to make of them; and occasionally we have been struck, in glancing over their heterogeneous contents, with the periodical recurrence of a subject to the mind of the "reading public," even after the lapse and oblivion of centuries between. We had thought of regaling ourselves privately on the Baron's articles, as the cuckoo does upon the eggs of other birds; but the idea was repressed, partly by a sense of literary honour, and partly by some misgiving as to whether the theft would be worth the risk of detection. Notwithstanding, when at any time we take the trouble of *hatching* our author's progeny (if we may be pardoned the vulgar figure), we shall by no means refrain from claiming "halvers and quarters" with Baron Gruff.

THE WIDOW.

A Hint to Husbands.

The story of the widow who was won by a lover, even when watching the dead body of her husband, is not improbable. The silence, the solitude, the darkness, the dismal paraphernalia of death—all were points in his favour; for all affected her with horror, and predisposed her mind to seek relief in images of joy. The mourning of Jane, mother of the Emperor Charles V., was at once more extraordinary and better calculated for continuance. When her husband, Philip of Austria, died, and it became necessary to tear the body from her arms and place it in a coffin, she surrounded it with all the funeral magnificence and publicity that were possible, and took her own station as the first actress in the pageant. Wherever she went, the splendid show accompanied and surrounded her. She

made, in this manner, the tour of Castille; from town to town, from city to city, glided the dark procession, with its banners, and plumes, and songs of solemn woe. All Spain, all Europe, was filled with the renown of her grief.† Think you that this widow was in danger from a lover?

There is nothing, indeed, so imprudent as retirement in such cases. Husbands should get themselves laid out in the drawing-room, and taken in a hearse to the watering-places. If this custom was once fairly introduced, I have no doubt that, even at the doors of the Opera, we should at length be gratified with the solemn and affecting cry of—"Lady Blank's husband stops the way!"

A QUESTION OF LUNACY.

A certain man had a brother who was one day to preach before the Court of France. The latter, who had a great deal of simplicity, allowed himself to be persuaded by the other to say things in his sermon that might have ruined the whole family; while the wag, who had crept into a corner of the church, was ready to suffocate himself with laughter on hearing the judgments of God thundered forth against the royal audience. Some people might have suspected that a little madness was mingled with waggery in this case.

The same man was found on the road-side as poor and miserable-looking a creature as ever awakened compassion—covered with rags, and encrusted with filth. He was taken up by the archers of the poor, whose business it was to clear the highway of vagabonds. "Stop a little, my friends," said he, "I cannot walk so fast as you. They are repairing the wheel of my carriage, and when it is ready I shall accompany you with pleasure." The archers, when they found whom they had to deal with, were no doubt surprised that a man of fortune should appear in such a pickle; and, perhaps, the suspicion might have crossed their minds that he was a little cracked.

If one went to see him in his study (for he pretended to be a literary man!), he was found with lighted candles even at noon day. Twelve watches lay on the table before him, with a bottle of wine in the midst. When asked the meaning of this show, he would say, that he never could get his watches to keep time together, although he was constantly comparing and altering them. As for the wine, there was no mystery in that: he liked it; and his greatest misery, the gout, he confessed, was derived from *la fillette* and *la feuillette*. When the visitor withdrew, he was attended into the noon-day street by his host, candle in hand. Was this man a lunatic or not? He was Mezeray, the celebrated French historian.

MOTHER JANE, OF VENICE.

Most book-worms have heard something of the famous heresy of Guillaume Postel, in the sixteenth century, and of his female saviour, Mother Jane, of Venice. As the cycle appears to have come round again, and women once more affect the superiority in religion, I think it may be interesting to recall some particulars of a doctrine which created so much stir in its day and generation.

Postel first promulgated his singular opinions in 1553, in a book printed at Paris, entitled, '*Les tres-merveilleuses victoires des Femmes du monde, et comme elles doivent à tout le monde par raison commander, et même à ceux qui auront la monarchie du monde vieil.*' After saying that, as evil was admitted into the world through the fault of the woman, God had ordained that Satan should, at length, be vanquished by a woman, he goes on, "But over all the creatures that ever were, are, or will be, is the most holy Mother Jane, the new Eve, of whom I have witnessed things so great and so miraculous, that

they surpass all former miracles, except those of the new Adam, Jesus, my father and her spouse." This woman, he said, who had never learned "either Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, or any other language whatever," explained to him the most difficult passages in the most difficult books of divinity, and revealed to him innumerable secrets of the Scriptures, more particularly teaching the destruction of Satan, and the restoration of the kingdom of Christ;—among other things, that he, Postel, was to be *her eldest son*: a fact which he could never have believed, had not her spiritual substance and body descended sensibly into his, two years after her ascension into heaven. Through the means of Postel, who styled himself Postel-Cain, as being the first-born of the new Eve, the same regeneration was to take place with all the rest of mankind.

In imitation of the eastern mystics, Postel made great use of the genders; dividing the soul of man into male and female portions. The male, or intellect, he sometimes also called "the superior world," and the female, or reason, "the inferior world." This gave rise to various mistakes on the part of the learned persons who commented on the heresy. Beza tells us, that "among other blasphemies, he said clearly, that as men had been redeemed by Jesus Christ, so it was necessary that women should have a female redeemer—his great mother Jane, who was a courtesan of Venice."‡ Pasquier also accuses Postel of teaching "that our Lord Jesus Christ, by his death and passion, had redeemed only *the superior world*, which was man; and that his mother Jane had been sent by God to redeem the *inferior world*, which was woman."† Jurieu, in his '*Calvin et Papisme mis en parallèle*,' follows on the same side,—affirming, that Postel had "traversed the whole earth for the purpose of collecting impurities; and, after enriching himself with all the blasphemies of the Mohammedans and Arabs, and all the reveries of the Jews, had returned to Europe to write books filled with his wild and fantastic imaginations."

All that is known of Mother Jane of Venice is, that she was born somewhere between Verona and Padua—that she could neither read nor write—and that she spent forty years in prayers and charity, and in abstinence from all carnal pleasures. This mode of life, joined to her continual meditations, had such an effect upon her, that, when half a century old, she looked like a girl of fifteen!

Guillaume Postel, who was, without dispute, one of the most learned men of his day, was born on the 25th of March, 1510, at Dolerie, in the diocese of Avranches in Normandy. His parents, who were very poor, died when he was eight years of age, and left him to study and hunger. Thevet tells us, that the boy's passion for reading was so absorbing, that he sometimes passed entire days without breaking his fast. At thirteen he became a village schoolmaster, and sometime after carried his earnings to Paris. Here he fell into the hands of some vagabonds, who stole his money and clothes from him in the night, and left him with nothing but his shirt. Cold and misery brought on a dysentery, which continued for eighteen months. When he regained a little strength, he went to Beance to glean during the harvest, and acquitted himself so well, that he was able to buy clothes and return to Paris. He began to study in the College of St. Barbe, and with such enthusiasm and success, that the eyes of all the learned world were at length drawn upon him. He made various journeys to the east for the purpose of collecting books and learning the languages; and became so famous, not only for his learning, but for his vanity and heresies, that he was the object of several attempts at assassination as well as

† Hist. Ecclesiast. des Eglises Ref. de France, t. i. p. 37.
‡ Catech. des Jesuites.

† D'Orleans, Hist. des Revol. d'Espagne, t. 4, p. 501.

public prosecution. He finally retired to the monastery of St. Martin des Champs, or, as some say, was imprisoned there by the Parliament, and, after eighteen years seclusion, died on the 6th of September, 1581.

NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. JOURNAL OF G. BENNETT, M.R.C.S.

A paragraph has been pointed out to me, in a recently-published work, entitled 'The New Zealanders,' which refers to a Tahitan; as I can make some addition to it, I shall give an abridged extract:—Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Marsden, when they visited New Zealand in 1815, met at the North Cape a Tahitan, who had been brought from his own country to Port Jackson when about eleven or twelve years old. There he lived for some years in the family of Mr. McArthur, and was instructed in reading and writing, and appeared tractable and obedient. Yet nothing could wean him from a partiality to his original condition; he left his protector and went to New Zealand: he there married a daughter of a chief, and succeeded to his territories. Jem (for that was the name by which he had been known at Port Jackson,) was then a young man of about twenty-three years of age. Unlike his brother chiefs, he was cleanly in his person; and, his countenance not being tattooed, nor darker than that of a Spaniard, while his manners displayed an European polish, it was only his dress that betokened the savage, &c. (p. 283-4.)

This individual came on board the *Sophia*, when we arrived at the Bay of Islands. His manner was very mild and unassuming, and he spoke English with fluency: he accompanied and remained with us during our stay at the River Thames: he expressed a desire of accompanying us to Tahiti; but our next destination having been changed from Tahiti to Tongatabu and Erromanga, he determined, notwithstanding, to leave New Zealand, which he did with his wife. He remained at Erromanga with a native gang, landed for the purpose of cutting sandal wood; and, in March 1830, came on board of the ship, when she revisited that island, suffering (as well as all the gang) from intermittent fever. He was cured, and landed at the Island of Rötuma, where we left him, with some natives of Tongatabu. The schooner *Snapper* was afterwards sent to remove them to the Island of Tongatabu. In disposition and manners he appeared far superior to any of his countrymen, and was, in some respects, benefited by his education. His wife was a far different character, being the reverse of Jem. She so frequently gave way to fiery ebullitions of temper, as to receive from our crew, and indeed all on board, the satanic appellation of Belzebub. She was old and ugly, with a large share of "acquisitiveness," and did not seem to possess one redeeming good quality. She was the worst specimen of the New Zealand fair sex I have beheld; yet Jem would not forsake her. She expressed a desire to leave New Zealand with him, and he acceded. He was frequently asked why he did not leave her in her native country, when he made this reply, which does credit to his heart—"She is a chief woman, and my wife: she was my friend when I resided at New Zealand, and as long as she lives I will not desert her."

In concluding these notes, I must observe, that it is a matter of surprise, that while the British government are founding colonies on the barren coasts of New Holland, their attention has not been directed to the fertile soil of New Zealand. Fine tracts of land could be purchased from the natives, and an extension of them by further purchases could readily be made. The River Thames, from the depopulation of

its coasts, seems the first place at which a colony ought to be established. Spars and the native flax would soon afford valuable commercial articles for exportation. This country merits the serious attention of the British government. With a fine climate, fertile soil, and valuable natural productions, success must be certain.

THORWALDSEN.

PROFESSOR THIELE has just published the first portion of his 'Thorwaldsen, the Danish Sculptor, and his Works.' It was a hint given by the great artist himself, which prompted Thiele to undertake the task; for, when they parted at Rome, one of the last sentences which dropped from Thorwaldsen's lips was, an expression of his regret, that no writer had yet stepped forward as his biographer. It appears that the sculptor was born at Copenhagen, on the 9th of November 1770. On the 8th of March 1797 he first set foot within the walls of Rome; and we note the date because he has ever since designated it as his second birthday—from that hour the Eternal City became his home. At first he received a small stipend as a travelling student from the Danish government, and it was during this period that he produced his 'Jason,' a model, to use the language of Canova, "of a new and most majestic style." But, though overwhelmed with praise and admiration, none offered him patronage or commission; and his determination to retrace his steps to the ungenial north had been so far matured, that his slender wardrobe was packed up and banded to a carriage, when his intended companion, Hagermann, the Berlin sculptor, was compelled to defer their departure until the next day, for want of the necessary passport. On that very day, it happened that a valet-de-place introduced Sir Thomas Hope into Thorwaldsen's humble studio; the banker was not only a wealthy man, but had a keen perception of the sublime and beautiful in art—and, more than this, an open liberal heart. He inquired the expense of executing the statue in marble, and its author, fearful of dispelling the smiling prospect which so suddenly dawned upon him, modestly named six hundred sequins. "No," said Hope, "I should take shame at tendering so trivial a remuneration for a work like this. Let it be mine at eight hundred." This was the moment which decided Thorwaldsen's destiny, and re-kindled his almost extinguished passion for the arts; from this auspicious incident may be dated his progressive advance to the highest rank among the living sculptors of the present day.—*Abridged from the Copenhagen Gazette.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

THOUGH Sir John Malcolm is busied with his 'Life of Lord Clive,' and Wilkie is meditating on his great picture of Cranmer, yet neither Literature nor Art can be called flourishing. We have often, in our Weekly Gossip, referred to the depression of both; and now we are glad to see that the *Quarterly Review* has taken up the subject, and spoken with force and truth. Our readers will perceive that our sentiments are expressed in the following passage: "No man is sufficiently free from anxiety with respect to his future lot, to partake of the elegant enjoyments of society with his wonted zest; he abstains, therefore, from any indulgence of his taste or munificence, and limits as much as possible his current outlay to articles of mere necessity. Of the depression of that branch of internal industry with which we happen to be more immediately conversant, the book-trade, we can speak with cer-

tainty, as exceeding our experience of any of the ordinary fluctuations of commerce—and, indeed, quite unlike any circumstance of the kind within memory. The higher departments of Art partake largely of this general stagnation. The works of the painter and statuary are among the delights of tranquil and polished life: but they are the least available of all property in times of civil commotion;—and who would choose to add such precious objects to the destructible contents of a mansion which he is obliged to barricade against a mob? The misery which, within these nine months, has fallen on all who live by the exercise of their genius, is great and fearful; and both factions may claim the merit of having raised up this evil spirit.

Some curious works of Art are, it seems, in contemplation: one of the most remarkable is a monument, which will have the gift of the tongue beyond all examples in stone or brass. We have often thought that our artists imputed sentiments to their structures which were not a little romantic: but columns, and cornices, and base-mouldings, spoke hitherto the language of modesty compared to the following description of a Triumphal Column, which a gentleman, of the name of Sandford, proposes to raise to King William, in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards:—

"The square massive base, represents the firm foundation of the British Constitution; the four lions which repose on the corners thereof, the noble, powerful, tranquil, British people, ever vigilant in protecting the Crown and Constitution.

"The Column, being the most beautiful of all architectural forms, represents the inexpressible beauty of the British Constitution. The Capital thereof, which is of the plainest Grecian Order, expresses the admiration of the British People, of truth and simplicity in the upper orders.

"The Attic Pedestal being a continuation of the form of the column, with a base and cornice complete, represents the distinctive and constitutional elevation of the Monarch, on the top of which stands a statue of His Majesty holding the emblems of his attributes."

The first meeting for the season of the Artists' Conversazione, was held on Saturday last. The attendance was by no means numerous, do we think the works exhibited were very attractive. There were several of Mr. Turner's drawings, but all well known. The most interesting drawing was, an Interior of the Hall at Abbotsford, by David Roberts, with the collection of armour, in which the eminent owner takes great delight. It gives a perfect idea of the scene; and the representation of the stained glass window is most admirable: but the sentiment is marred by the introduction of a solitary figure—as well powdered and liveried a lacquey, as ever infested the fashionable halls of Grosvenor Square. On the whole, the exhibition was but indifferent; and, unless the artists exert themselves, these pleasant meetings will dwindle into insignificance. Among the *novelties* on the table, were 'Views of Rome,' Retzsch's 'Outlines of Faust,' by Moses, Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies,' and a heap of Mr. Westall's drawings, for a former edition of Lord Byron's works.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 19.—Dr. John Bostock, V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read:—‘On the Theory of the Perturbation of the Planets,’ by James Ivory, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c., and ‘On Voltaic Electricity,’ by William Ritchie, M.A., F.R.S.

Charles Boileau Elliott, Esq. was proposed Fellow.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 16.—C. Lyell, Esq., in the chair.—Some extracts from the papers and journal of Captain Bannister were read, respecting the country between the Swan River and King George's Sound. The object of this expedition was to ascertain the condition of the country with regard to settling it. The party took a south-east direction from Freemantle over a range of hills which enclose the Swan River and the adjacent district at about forty miles from the coast. They travelled over the first hundred miles in ten days. They halted on Christmas day on the banks of a river in the midst of extensive fertile vales, which they examined carefully in all directions. This river is designated the Medway in the map, and the name of Woolcomb Vales is given to this fine district.

An extract of a letter also from Lieut. E. Day of the Bengal Artillery was read, dated from Chirra, in the Cossya country. In consequence of the favourable reports of this part of the country, a depot was directed to be formed there by the East India Company in October 1830, and a party of invalids sent to it under the charge of Lieut. Day.

In mentioning the Cossyals, Lieut. Day gives a favourable account, and says, they are a fine race of people, and superior to any Asiatics he had seen. They much resemble the Malays in appearance, but are stouter, owing to the nature of their employments—bringing loads from the plains, to which both sexes are accustomed from an early age. All their burthens are carried resting on the back by means of a sling made of split bamboo, which passes across the forehead. They are honest, but very fond of spirituous liquors. Distinctions of caste are unknown among them. They have a peculiar custom of burning their dead. The spot where this ceremony has been performed is afterwards marked by a stone inclosure. The ashes of the corpse being collected and put into earthen jars or pots, are deposited in a regular square stone box with a small door to it. They are then surrounded by immense slabs of stone about twenty feet in height. The hills near the village are covered with these monuments of the departed, bearing some resemblance to our church-yards. The succession to the throne is preserved in the female line, by which they believe that the royal blood is pure and uncontaminated. They speak a curious language, something resembling Chinese, but have no written characters. Their mode of reckoning is by cutting notches in sticks, and they fix anything in their memory by breaking eggs. This process they go through before setting out on an expedition, to ascertain whether good or bad fortune will attend them; and it is generally decided according to their inclination. It appears, that the invalids which accompanied Lieut. Day immediately recovered in consequence of the salubrity of the climate, and that it was expected that Chirra would be much frequented from Calcutta. It is nine hours march up the hills from the river.

The paper which excited most interest, was a communication from Mr. Barrow, giving an account of Alexander's Cave, near Tabriz, in Persia, by Sir Henry Wallack. The Cave of Iscenderia, about twenty miles from Tabriz, is supposed to be under the influence of a magic

spell, contrived by Aristotle for the security of treasure which Alexander the Great left in this place while he proceeded to conquer Persia and Judea. The tradition is generally believed among modern Persians, who regard Alexander as a necromancer. In the vicinity of the cave is a considerable village, which takes its name from it. The enchanted spot is situated in an elevated position, near a quarry, from which mill-stones are cut. The natural arch, which forms the entrance to the cave is high and imposing. The approach is rather inviting than otherwise: vegetation flourishes, flowers, wild-rose bushes, long grass, grow even near its mouth; and there is nothing in the exterior to indicate the existence of pestilential vapours, nor would the general formation of the cave warrant such a supposition. As the visitor enters it, his presence disturbs the wild pigeons from nooks in the vault where they have taken up their abode secure from molestation. The arch of the cave is about eighty feet high; and the whole extent of it is about one hundred yards. The guide conducts the visitor along the high sides of the interior of the cave, and, having placed him in safety, proceeds cautiously to the lower ground, occasionally stooping down his head to ascertain the limits of life and death. The visitor, watching with intense interest the progress of the guide, discovers immediately the presence of pestiferous vapour—the sudden jerk of the head, and equally sudden halt, denotes the presence of danger. The guide now flings forward a fowl, which he carries with a string fastened to it; a convulsive gasp, and one or two flaps of the wings bespeak approaching dissolution; and, having satisfied the visitor of the fetid nature of the vapour, the guide draws back the fowl, and, while it yet lives, cuts its throat in the name of God, in order that it may be lawfully eaten, being one of his perquisites. In the lower part of the cave were seen the skeleton of a fox, the body of a pigeon, or the remains of some other small bird, which had ventured within range of the destructive atmosphere. The extent of the vapour depends much on the season of the year. In August, it was dry, and nearly clear of bad air. The guide declares, that the richest treasure would reward the man, who had sufficient skill to dispel the enchantment. Many lives have been lost in it. A peasant disappointed in love, rushed into the infectious air, and met instantaneous death. On another occasion, a person seeking shelter in the cave from a storm, without being aware of his danger, was killed by its noxious vapours; and the guide has sometimes fallen a sacrifice to his zeal.

Several gentlemen were elected members in the course of the evening.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 18.—R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—The Hon. and Very Reverend the Dean of Windsor, T. E. Sampson, Esq., and N. T. Wetherell, Esq., were elected Fellows.

A memoir was first read, ‘On the Geological Structure of the Crimea,’ by Baron Stanislaus Chaudoir, and communicated by Sir Alexander Crichton.

A paper, by Thomas Bell, Esq., was afterwards read, ‘On a New Species of Fossil Tortoise found in the lacustrine formation of Geningen.’ The memoir was illustrated by the fossil specimen, and by the skeleton of the recent allied species, *Chelydra Serpentina*.

Presentations were announced from various contributors to the museum and library.

After the business of the evening, it was announced, that the Ordinary Meeting on the 15th of February would not take place, in consequence of the Annual General Meeting being fixed for the 17th of the same month.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 3.—A paper containing an account of the Horsforth seedling grape, was read; which stated the mode of treatment pursued in its cultivation, together with its peculiarities and character. The quality this grape possesses of keeping well, the fine appearance of the bunches when grown in sufficient heat, and the vigorous nature of the plant, render it a desirable variety. The colour of the berries is black, and the bunches have been known to attain the weight of 11 lbs and upwards. Specimens of the fruit illustrated this communication. Mr. Chandler, of Vauxhall, contributed to the exhibition, by sending some very beautiful camellias—a seedling pine-apple was also received from Mr. Daniel Moncy—pears, and the sweet-smelling flowers of the chimonanthus, were included, from the Society's garden.

Thomas Tomkyns, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

Jan. 17.—The results of the meteorological observations for the last three months, made in the garden at Chiswick, were read, as were also some notes respecting the Cannon Hall muscat grape. It was described as being a very beautiful and delicious kind, nearly resembling the muscat of Alexandria, equally rich, and by the side of which, it ripens fully a fortnight earlier. The exhibition was composed of Charlesworth Tokay grapes, from Mr. R. Buck, of Blackheath—Swedish turnips, (grown under peculiar circumstances,) from Mr. G. Mills, of Ilford, and pears, stalks of rheum undulatum, and apples from the garden of the Society.

Major General Viney, was elected a Fellow of the Society.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Jan. 17.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—A portion of Mr. Ogilby's paper ‘On the Genera and Species of Marsupial Animals’ was read in continuation. Mr. Allan Cunningham, John Bushman, Esq., and Dr. Wight were elected Fellows of the Society, and Mr. James Forbes, gardener to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, was elected an Associate. Various donations, chiefly of books, were announced and placed on the table. The meeting was very fully attended; among the most distinguished members we noticed Mr. Brown, Mr. Burchill, Professor Henslow, Dr. Wallich, the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Dr. Fitton, Mr. Charles Lyell, Mr. R. I. Murchison, Professor Sedgwick, &c.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

CHOLERA, with its varied phenomena, has been the subject of debate at the several meetings since our last report. Papers have been read by Mr. Searle, Dr. Wilson Philip, and Dr. Whyte, each offering different opinions on the nature, peculiarities and treatment of the disease. Many members bore testimony in favour of the exhibition of mustard as an emetic, in the onset of the disorder, and the application of the actual cautery (as Dr. Lange, of Cronstadt, recommends) to the spine, in the more severe stages of the complaint. Dr. Johnson especially called the attention of the Society to the fact, that in almost every case of cholera now prevailing epidemically in Sunderland, Newcastle, &c., there had been premonitory symptoms of gastric irritation, and on that account he also advised the early exhibition of emetics. The interest of the subject was at last so materially diminished, that the discussion was adjourned *sine die*.

The Society met at their old rooms in Sackville Street on Saturday last, when Mr. Winslow read a very able paper on Phrenology, in connection with the cure of Insanity. We were not able to remain the whole evening, but have un-

derstood that an animated debate succeeded the reading of the paper, in which the phrenologists appeared successful.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Royal Geographical Society, Nine, P.M. Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Botanical Society .. Eight, P.M. Medico-Chirurgical Society, .. past 8, P.M. { Society of Arts, (<i>Evening Illustrations</i>) Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts past 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society past 8, P.M. { Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution past 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

The King.—This portrait of William IV. is drawn on stone by Lane, from a sketch by Morton, and will, no doubt, be considered very like. It is, however, too feeble in the whole character for our taste, and wants vigour about the mouth to be a correct resemblance of the original.

Mazeppa.—There is great freedom, and not a little extravagance in these two beautiful engravings by the Lucases after the celebrated paintings of Horace Vernet. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect from the first engravings, which had so extensive a sale, that the pictures represent the future Lord of the Ukraine in his adventurous journey, accompanied by wolves, and eagles, and horses of the desert. In our opinion, the anatomy of the 'Desert Born' is too visible, and the agony of the naked rider is not visible enough.

Landscape Illustrations of Byron.—This work is at once cheap and beautiful, and cannot fail to be acceptable to all who are purchasers of Murray's monthly volumes of the works of the noble poet. There are four landscapes—viz. Lachin-y-gair, in the Scottish Highlands, Belem Castle, Lisbon, the Eastern Yanina, and Corinth. Of these, Yanina is very beautiful: but perhaps some purchasers will prefer the portrait of the 'The Maid of Athens,' who, to much loveliness, adds

The drowsy look that speaks the melting soul.

The portrait is by Allason, but the landscapes are by Stanfield. Of these illustrations there will be fourteen monthly parts at half-a-crown each; they are engraved by the Findens.

Lakes of Scotland.—This is the fifth part of a very beautiful national work. The lakes and mountains of Scotland, the hills of Wales, and the valleys of England, are full of the finest pictures; and our artists would do well to study the beauties of their native land a little more than they do. The scenes in this undertaking are painted by Fleming, engraved by Swan, and described by Leighton: and the Part before us has a view of Loch Veol, and two views of Loch Earn. We have heretofore given this work high praise, and we see no reason for abating it.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals, by Thomas Landseer.—Our favourite in No. VII. is 'The Ourang Outang.' There is something grave and statesman-like in his looks: he has a forehead which Spurzheim would love, an extent of mouth worthy of a corporation dignitary, and he sits in the cleft of his old tree like a hoary and crabbed critic in his easy chair, pronouncing judgment on works of genius.

Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. No. 22. London, Cadell.

THE present number, containing twenty-three plates illustrative of Troilus and Cressida, and Pericles, is one of the best we have seen: there is truth and simplicity in many of the designs. We need not add, that character and costume are preserved throughout with great care.

MUSIC

Old Friends with New Faces: for the flute. Book I. T. Lindsay. Cramer & Co.

THE Address prefixed to this collection of national melodies explains Mr. Lindsay's object in publishing "Old Friends with New Faces," or, rather, "Old Tunes with New Graces;" and the explanation has saved him from a premeditated attack. Simple melodies are sacred things with us: the very mention of embellishments roused our anger, and we inclined to discourse fully on the much abused licence of musical embellishments. Mr. Lindsay's observations on this subject, however, are sensible, and deserve perusal. The work is to be brought out in numbers, and will form a pleasant collection of popular melodies, exclusively British.

Caprice Brillant. Chaulieu. Purday.

THE melody of Mr. Purday's song, 'The Maid of Llanwellyn,' is here presented to the English public after the caprice of Monsieur Chaulieu, enveloped in a cloud of rapid and common-place passages. Publishers should use a little discretion in selecting themes for the factory of Mons. Chaulieu—amongst those least adapted for manufacturing into a pianoforte-piece, is Mr. Purday's melody. A theme, in six-eight time, is difficult to deal with for variations and other transformations.

Away from thee, my charming Fair. W. Bark. Bark.

He went where they had left her. C. H. Purday. Purday.

WE find nothing to admire in the musical composition of Mr. W. Bark: the melody and harmony are both in the style of the last century, without the least pretension to taste or originality.

The type of Mr. Purday's song is the popular melody, 'Oh! no, we never mention her'—disguised with the skill of a conscious plagiarist; the harmonies, however, are varied with taste.

THEATRICALS

COVENT GARDEN.

A tragic drama, in three acts, called 'Catherine of Cleves,' was presented here for the first time on Wednesday. It is, as is very modestly stated by Lord Leveson Gower, in his preface to the printed copy, an adaptation of Mons. A. Dumas's tragedy of 'Henri III.' M. Dumas's play has been acted in Paris with very great success, and the work of the noble author of the English version has been, as he says, one rather of omission than alteration. Still, when a five-act play is reduced to a three, the omissions must necessarily involve considerable alterations: in the present case, at all events, they have done so, and such alterations are not, to our thinking, for the better. It has not been our good fortune to see the original acted, but we read it with much interest, and certainly thought it capable of being done for the English stage much more effectively than it has been by his lordship. The English play is unquestionably a graceful production, and one which must be allowed to be free from offence; but there is a want of vigour both in the writing and general conduct. It is a production which might have come from the pen of any one of liberal education and good taste, who had the French play before him. It is, in short, more suited to the closet than the stage—more like what we should expect to be done by his lordship or any nobleman, gentleman, or lady of a literary turn, suddenly called upon to prepare something for private theatricals, when

"Cloudy mist every valley and hill buries"

at a country seat, where they

"Stretch a green curtain across the back drawing-room"

and

"Block up that staring mahogany door."

Lord Leveson Gower says, in the same preface, in speaking of M. Dumas's play, that he (M. Dumas) "has aimed at combining, with the attainment of the usual objects of tragic representation, copious illustrations of the manners of the historical period at which his action is laid;" and then continues, "In pursuit of this object, much and minute allusion to the persons, the events, and the costume of the day, has been skilfully interwoven into his scenes, which could not have been made intelligible to any but a Parisian audience." This appears to us a strange mistake into which his lordship has fallen. It is precisely a faithful representation of the costume, the peculiar pursuits, and even the traditional frivolities of courts and individuals of any given period, which puts the hall-mark of truth upon a scene of performance, and gives to a historical drama an interest over and above that which can possibly attach to any work of unmingled fiction. In M. Dumas's play, for instance, if we remember rightly, the nobles and others engaged in the scene in which the quarrel takes place between the *Duc de Guise* and *Paul Causade*, are amusing themselves, according to the effeminate custom of that day, with various games which are now the exclusive property of children. Thus, *Causade* answers the challenge of *Guise*, by blowing a sweetmeat at him through a pea-shooter. Shakspeare would have used this incident, Dumas has done so, and we do not see why Lord Leveson Gower should have omitted it. Neither can we understand why it would have been unintelligible to an English audience: they can surely comprehend, as well as any other audience, that which they see; and this act, though frivolous in itself, would, we should think, have been respected for its historical accuracy. The incident of *Henri's* turning the tables upon *Guise*, after he has promised to grant him a boon, by naming himself chief of the League, is wholly lost in the English play. It is highly dramatic, and might have been made very effective, yet we hear nothing of it, except from *Henri* himself, who mentions, in an after-conversation with *St. Megrin*, that he has done so. The acting, like the play itself, was even and good; but the language, though, as we have before said, smooth and graceful, was not so dramatic or so forcible as the situations called for, and the consequence naturally was, an evident want of excitement in all concerned. Mr. Kemble seemed scarcely recovered from his recent illness, but he acted with much elegance, and with his wonted discrimination and good taste. Miss Kemble in the *Duchess of Guise*, was much applauded—her delineation of the character was very effective, but we think it would have been more so, if it had been less vehement in certain passages. The other principal characters were well sustained by Mr. Warde, Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. J. Mason, and Mr. Abbott. Some of the situations are extremely good, and the piece was received by a full and fashionable audience, with considerable satisfaction, and without the slightest disapprobation. We have no complaint to make of what his lordship has done, we only complain of what he has not. The play reads better than it acts, and will most likely have a considerable sale.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"Take care of your pockets," is a cry which is common outside a theatre, but "Take care of your sides," seems likely to be the common cry inside this little Temple of Momus. Madame Vestris has added another burletta, called 'He's Not A-miss,' to her laughing stock. Aided by the admirable acting of Mrs. Glover and

Mr. Liston, it has had the good fortune to prove an admitted follower of its most favourite predecessors. Mr. James Vining also plays extremely well, in this airy trifle, which we may state, on the authority of *The Times*, to be "a palpable hit." The Olympic is crowded every night, and, be the success of the pieces produced greater or less, the fair lessee continues to set before her brother managers a practical lesson upon the fallacy and absurdity of the puffing system, by rigidly abstaining from anything of the sort. Some people "don't know nothing, and won't be larned." The author of 'He's Not A-miss,' is Mr. Charles Dance.

MISCELLANEA

Birth-day of Robert Burns.—Our readers will see, from an advertisement in this day's paper, that it is intended to celebrate the birth-day of Robert Burns with unusual *éclat*. The circumstance of the Ettrick Shepherd being in London for the first time, and his birth-day falling on the same day, has suggested to the admirers of genius, to do honour to both on this occasion.

Fossil Forest discovered at Rome.—In the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, for this month, there is a description of a fossil underground forest, lately discovered by a pedestrian tourist, (Dr. Weatherhead, we believe,) above forty feet in thickness, and extending along both sides of the Tiber, for several miles. The petrific matter is a calc-sinter; and, from the layers of ligneous debris being freely intermixed with volcanic dust, the discoverer of this interesting fact in volcanic geology is of opinion, that this colossal phenomenon was occasioned by an earthquake, of which the memory is lost, probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. Not less singular than the phenomenon itself, is the circumstance, that it should have escaped the observation of the scientific for so many ages.

The story propagated by the Paris papers, on the faith of a Hamburg (or *Hamburg*) correspondent, as to a German prince having left his whole fortune to the disposal of the Saint-Simonians, is wholly repudiated by their organ, *Le Globe*.

M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has been elected Vice-president of the Paris Academy of Sciences, for the current year.

Exhibition at the Louvre.—The works of art for the Paris Exhibition this year, which commences 1st of April, will be received from the 1st to the 15th of March.

French Drama.—The Paris Theatres have produced, during the last year, 272 new pieces:—2 tragedies; 27 dramas; 19 comedies; 21 operas; 30 melo-dramas; 2 ballets; 171 vaudevilles:—172 authors have received "the honours." Scribe, always the most prolific, has produced 13 pieces.

Alpine Phenomena.—"Soon after six o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November (says a letter from Bruneck in the Tyrol,) a broad stream of light suddenly descended from the centre of the firmament nearly down to the ground, and was then drawn gradually up again to the middle of the sky, whence, for several seconds, it stretched itself out towards the north in a long ray of light, which first appeared in a straight, and then changed to a wavy line; after this, it gathered into a light orb, resembling a white cloud, and remained stationary in the centre of the firmament for a full quarter of an hour, when it disappeared with the break of day. The appearance was accompanied by so vivid a degree of illumination, that the smallest pebble in the road was readily distinguishable, and those who were abroad at the time, were completely panic-struck. The sky, instead of being muddy with vapour, as is customary at this season and

at this time of the morning, was clear and cloudless, and the air remarkably serene and tranquil. Between five and six o'clock, however, an unusual number of falling stars were observed in various parts of the heavens."

The Learned Vulgar in Poland.—As a proof that so far back as the fifteenth century, even the lowest classes in Poland were not shut out from the light of education, we may recall to mind, that three of the most eminent scholars of those times, namely, Janicki, a Latin poet, Kromer, one of the best Polish historians, and Dantiacus a Curiis, the poet, were sons of mechanics or countrymen. The latter was sent as envoy to England, the States of the Church, and other countries; Kromer rose to the dignity of Prime-bishop of Warmeland; and Janicki was crowned as "Poeta Laureatus," by Pope Clement the Seventh.

Russian Navy.—One day, when I was on board the *Azoff*, a man fell from the main-yard into the sea, narrowly missing the admiral's barge, which was alongside. On rising to the surface, the admiral applied his cane pretty smartly to the man's shoulders; and on my expressing some commiseration for the poor fellow's misfortune, the admiral exclaimed, "Ah, the d—d rascal! he was near breaking my barge to atoms."—*MS. Journal of an Officer.*

The Peak of Teneriffe.—The summit of this peak (says M. Berthelot, in a letter to a friend written during a recent visit,) presents a cavity of about six hundred feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty in breadth. The edges of this crater are going to decay; its bottom is covered with a reddish, slippery, heated substance, which appears to contain a considerable portion of oxide of iron. This species of volcanic paste hardens quickly upon removal. In some spots is a substance, which is white and less doughy, and, upon being analyzed, yields sulphate in combination with ammonia. Beneath these layers of white and red substances, lie the well-known crystals of sulphur. The bottom and sides of the crater are full of fissures, from which issue infected vapours, and the vicinity of these ducts is of so parching a temperature, that it is impossible to remain long on the same spot. It is affirmed, that the heat of the crater has been gradually increasing for several years; if this be true, how painful is the inference to which it leads, under the critical situation in which the inhabitants of Teneriffe would be placed, if the Teyde should be roused from the slumber in which it appears to be buried! Hence the remark made by a preceding naturalist, "Under these circumstances, there is not a single hour which may not be the last of a whole race!"

Agricultural School for the Poor.—A Mr. Vernet, of Geneva, has a large estate called Carra, on which a school of this description has existed for the last ten years. It is under the care of M. Gerhardt, who founded the school for the poor at Hofwyl. None but entirely destitute children, such as would not have received any, or, if any, the most wretched kind of instruction, are admitted into it; they are carefully educated until they reach the age of twenty, are employed constantly in various pursuits connected with agriculture and mechanics, and are thus fitted for filling the situations of workmen, domestic servants, and agricultural labourers. There are forty acres of meadow, arable-land, and garden-ground, entirely cultivated by them; and thirty of the children belonging to the school are maintained by the voluntary donations of the inhabitants of Geneva, at a cost of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; though it should be observed, the labour of the children themselves produces as much as a moiety of that amount. Independently of the value of the food raised on the spot, the annual expense of their maintenance does not exceed eighty pounds. —*Quarterly Journal of Education.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 12	43 39	29.38	S.W.	Rain, r.m.
Fr. 13	31 31	29.50	N.E.	Moist.
Sat. 14	39 26	29.00	N.W. to N.	Clear.
Sun. 15	37 23	30.30	Var.	Ditto.
Mon. 16	37 35	30.35	Var.	Ditto.
Tues. 17	41 33	30.32	Var.	Cloudy.
Wed. 18	42 30	30.32	S.W.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus. Nights fair, but Thursday; Mornings fair, but Friday. Mean temperature of the week, 32°. Increase of day on Wednesday, 38 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

We see with great pleasure that the *Gems of Sculpture*, only the First Number of which was published, is about to be continued, or rather begun *de novo*, under the editorship and entire control of Mr. T. K. Hervey.

Forthcomings.—Illustrations of Political Economy, by Harriet Martineau, to be published monthly, No. 1, 'Life in the Wilds.'

A Sermon on the Transitory Character of God's Temporal Blessing, by the Rev. W. Jay.

The first volume of the Georgian Era, comprising Memoirs of Persons who have flourished in Great Britain from the Accession of George I. to the demise of George IV.

A Comparative Account of the Population of Great Britain, in the Years 1801, 1811, 1821, and 1831, by J. Rickman, Esq.

Attila, a Tragedy, and other Poems.

A Clinical Report of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, with Observations on the Deaf and Dumb, by J. H. Curtis.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by J. Copland.

A Numismatic Manual, or Guide to the Study of Ancient and Modern Coins; with Plates from the originals, by John Y. Akerman.

A new edition of Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible, with a Life of the Author, by his Grandson.

A Description of a Race of Aborigines inhabiting the Summits of the Neigherry Hills, by Capt. M. Harkness.

A Story of Naval Life is on the eve of appearance, to be entitled *The Adventures of a Younger Son*.

Mr. James's *Memoirs of Celebrated Military Commanders*.

A new edition, with numerous plates, in 2 vols. small 8vo, of Campbell's *Poetical Works*. It will include all Mr. Campbell's recently-published Poems.

A new edition of Fordyce's *Sermons to Young Women*.

Shortly, the Four Series of *The Romance of History*, in a cheap edition, uniform with the Waverley Novels. Illustrations of the Lepidopterous Insects of Great Britain, by Mr. Wood.

The *Classical Student's Manual*, by William Thomas Lowndes.

The *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, by Frances Trollope. With several Plates.

A *Manual of the History of Philosophy*, translated from the German of Tennemann, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson.

A new edition of Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, by a Member of the University of Cambridge.

A new edition of the *Writer's and Student's Assistant*.

Keightley's *Mythology of Greece and Italy*, abridged for the use of Junior Classes.

The Carding and Spinning Master's Assistant, by James Montgomery.

Letters from a Mother to her Daughter.

A third edition of *Miss Jewsbury's Letters to the Young*, with additions.

Just published.—Maund's Botanic Garden, or, Magazine of Hardy Flowering Plants, Part 7, & No. 85.—Garrick's Private Correspondence, Vol. 2, 4to. 2s. 12s. 6d.—Arnold's Sermons, Vol. 2, 8vo. 12s.—Hall's Rudiments of Latin Grammar, 12mo. 3s.—Dendy on the Phenomena of Dreams, 12mo. 4s.—The Opera; a Novel, 3 vols. 16. 11s. 6d.—Norman Abbey, a Tale of Sherwood Forest, 3 vols. 16. 4s.—Fincher's Sacred Imagery, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Maitland's Discourses on the Humanity of Christ, 18mo. 1s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to M. M.—R. T.—YMAR.—I. B. C.—H. C. D. Martinus Scriblerus.

E. P.—We decline, although not without thanks and some doubts.

M. is rather unreasonable. We are quite sure that 1832 will provide us with more subjects than we desire.

To the correspondent who has written to us respecting Time's Telescope, we must observe, that more than half the errors pointed out are mere typographical errors.

* Probation, and other Tales, next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS

DEBRET'S PEERAGE, corrected to the Present Time, with the ARMS of the NEW PEERS, will be published in a few days.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, by HARRIET MARTINEAU. To be published Monthly.

No. 1, 'LIFE IN THE WILDS,' will appear on Feb. 1st, 1832. Price 1s. 6d.
London: Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster-row.

This day is published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 17. 1s. boards, dedicated, with permission, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

OBSERVATIONS made during a Twelve Years' Residence in a Mussulman's Family in India; descriptive of the Manners, Customs, and Habits of the Mussulman People of Hindostan in Domestic Life, and embracing their Beliefs and Opinions.

By MRS. MEER HASAN ALI. Her Majesty the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Landgraves of Hesse-Homburg, and the Dukes of Gloucester, have honoured the Author by patronizing her work.
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